UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Plaintiff,

V.

DZHOKHAR A. TSARNAEV, also
known as Jahar Tsarni,

Defendant.

BEFORE THE HONORABLE GEORGE A. O'TOOLE, JR. UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE

## **SENTENCING**

John J. Moakley United States Courthouse
Courtroom No. 9
One Courthouse Way
Boston, Massachusetts 02210
Wednesday, June 24, 2015
9:44 a.m.

Marcia G. Patrisso, RMR, CRR
Official Court Reporter
John J. Moakley U.S. Courthouse
One Courthouse Way, Room 3510
Boston, Massachusetts 02210
(617) 737-8728

Mechanical Steno - Computer-Aided Transcript

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1 PROCEEDINGS 2 THE CLERK: All rise. 3 (The Court enters the courtroom at 9:44 a.m.) THE CLERK: The United States District Court for the 4 5 District of Massachusetts. Court is in session. Be seated. For a sentencing in the case of *United States v*. 7 Dzhokhar Tsarnaev, 13-10200. Would counsel identify yourselves for the record. 9 MR. WEINREB: Good morning, your Honor. William Weinreb for the United States. 00:17 10 11 MR. CHAKRAVARTY: Aloke Chakravarty for the United 12 States. 13 MS. PELLEGRINI: Nadine Pellegrini for the United 14 States. 15 MR. MELLIN: Good morning, your Honor. Steve Lynn for the United States. 16 17 MS. CLARKE: Judy Clarke, David Bruck, Miriam Conrad, and Bill Fick and Tim Watkins for Mr. Tsarnaev. 18 19 COUNSEL IN UNISON: Good morning, your Honor. THE COURT: Good morning. We are convened for the 00:17 20 imposition of sentence on Dzhokhar Tsarnaev upon his conviction 21 of the crimes alleged in the indictment and upon the jury's 22 23 sentencing determination. Let me begin by outlining how we will proceed this morning. 24 25 The jury's sentencing decision pertains only to the

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capital counts of conviction; that is, those counts as to which the death penalty is potentially applicable. There are also a number of non-capital counts of conviction. As to those counts, sentence is imposed by the Court in accordance with usual procedures.

The relevant criminal statutes themselves set both upper and lower limits on the range of sentences authorized for particular offenses. In this case, the statutes require that some sentences be imposed consecutively rather than concurrently. In addition, before deciding on an appropriate sentence as to counts where the Court has a range of judgment under statutory provisions, the Court must consult the United States Sentencing Guidelines to determine what recommendation the Guidelines make with respect to sentencing options.

The Guidelines' recommendation is not binding on the Court, but advisory, but the Court must consider it along with other factors that may be pertinent. Accordingly, we'll first determine what the Guidelines recommendation is for the counts at issue.

After that, in accordance with statutory provisions regarding victims' rights, a number of victims of the defendant's crimes will address the Court. Following the victim statements, I will invite the parties to make whatever presentations they intend to make concerning issues related to the sentence. And finally, I will then impose sentence both as

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to the capital counts as determined by the jury and as to the non-capital counts determined by me on the basis of the requirement and the considerations that I have outlined.

Turning to the question of the Guidelines: Typically in a criminal case our probation office will prepare a presentence report in accordance with the federal rule of criminal procedure 32. As to capital counts, no presentence report is prepared because the sentencing decision is made by the jury. Here, as I have noted, there are also non-capital counts as to which the Court must determine the sentence. I directed the probation office to prepare a limited presentence report for aid in determining the sentence for these counts. The probation office has done that and the parties have received that report. An updated report adding recent information was served on the parties on Monday.

Let me ask, pursuant to Rule 32(i)(1)(A) for the defense to confirm that the defendant and counsel have received and discussed this presentence report.

MS. CLARKE: We have, your Honor.

THE COURT: Thank you.

As I say, the presentence report sets forth a proposed application of the sentencing guidelines. It happens that in this case principally because of statutory prescriptions that the determination of the guideline offense level is rather straightforward. As set forth in the PSR at Paragraphs 18

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through 31, the total offense level is 43. There are no criminal history points, but because the crimes involved a federal crime of terrorism, the criminal history category is deemed to be VI pursuant to Guideline Section 3A1.4(b).

According to the guideline sentencing table, the recommended range of sentence is a total offense level of 43 and a criminal history category of six. At those levels the recommended range of sentence is a life sentence.

Neither party has formally objected to the proposed calculation or the determination of the life sentence recommendation for the controlling non-capital counts. I've reviewed the PSR's determination of the Guidelines recommendation and concur with it, and I therefore adopt it as set forth in the PSR.

Let me just add a couple of comments. First, the PSR notes the applicability of some enhancements to the offense level. I agree that the proposed enhancements are applicable, but as the PSR recognizes, they have no effect on the total offense level because at level 43, it is as high as it can get without -- whether with or without any enhancements. It is also the case that the guideline recommendation at Offense Level 43, which life imprisonment, is the same whether the criminal history category is I, based on actual criminal history points, or VI, based on the terrorism enhancement.

Second, the terrorism-related enhancement is one the

strict application of which I have previously criticized in another case. Every case is different and a much stronger argument can be made in this case than in the prior one for the strict application of the terrorism enhancement. Nonetheless, as I have noted, the guideline sentencing recommendation of life imprisonment would result even if the terrorism enhancement were to be ignored.

Any victim of the defendant's crimes has the right to present a statement before sentence is imposed. Some victims have submitted written statements, copies of which have been provided to the parties. I have read those victim statements and they will be filed in the docket of the case.

A number of victims have chosen to make oral statements at this hearing. The government has organized their presentations, and I invite the government now to ask the presenters to come forward one by one, or in small groups, and to make their statements. The speakers will address the Court from the podium located near the government counsel table.

Ms. Pellegrini?

MS. PELLEGRINI: Your Honor, the Campbell family.

MS. CAMPBELL: Good morning, Judge O'Toole. Good morning. I'm Patricia Campbell, and this is my husband William Campbell, my son, William Campbell, and my brother John Riley.

I'd just like to take this opportunity to say I want to thank the jury for what they did. I'm very pleased. And

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your Honor. I feel that the parents brought you here for a reason, for a better life. And obviously you're intellectually pretty bright and you had -- you could have helped your brother get help. I feel that you went down the wrong road. I know life is hard but the choices that you made are despicable and what you did to my daughter is disgusting. And I don't know what happened. I mean, I really wish you had gotten the help for your brother. And -- I don't know what to say to you but I think the jury did the right thing.

Would you like to speak? This is my husband William.

MR. CAMPBELL: I want to thank you, your Honor. Thank you very much, and the jury as well for doing such a great job.

I'd just like to say that, you know, you failed as a soldier of your heart so he has to deal with what he has to deal with. I'm very pleased to see at least he won't hurt anybody else, and to take away such a precious life as he did with my daughter. I thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you.

MR. MELLIN: Karen McWatters, your Honor.

MS. McWATTERS: My name is Karen McWatters,
M-C-W-A-T-T-E-R-S. This is my husband, Kevin McWatters. I'd
like to start by thanking the prosecution team for the thorough
case you presented and it has really shown your dedication to
justice. I would also like to thank the jury for their
service. This has been a very long and difficult process.

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Your Honor, today I'd like to talk to you about my beautiful friend Krystle Campbell. I'd like to tell you about the kind of person she was and what losing her has meant to all of us that loved her.

The defendant and his brother took away a kind and loving person who would have never hurt anyone. She was not the enemy. They didn't even know her. Krystle didn't even have a chance to say good-bye to anyone that day. In a minute everything changed forever and Krystle was gone. And if you knew Krystle, you knew her family, they were the most important people in her life. You knew Nana, you knew Little Billy, you knew all their other family members because of all the stories she told about them. She spent so much time with them and she did whatever she could to help them whenever they needed something. Their heartache and sadness has been the hardest thing for me to watch. Those brothers took away their angel.

Krystle was in a relationship with Joe Collins. They were enjoying their time together and it was one of the happiest times in her life. She was in a really good place and all of her friends agreed that we had never seen her happier. Joe was also there while her family waited at the hospital thinking that Krystle was having surgery only later to be told that it was me and that they had lost Krystle. We have watched Joe suffer with his own loss and grief. We will never know if they would have married or had a family, and Krystle will never

have that chance.

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Krystle also had many good friends. She was the friend that was always there for you in good times and bad. She was always the first to offer help and the one that you could always count on. She treated her friends like an extended family. She was loyal, she was fun, kind, and she was the best kind of friend that anyone could have. She was also a hard worker and a dedicated worker. She always worked harder than anyone else. Her infectious smile brought out the best in all of us. You couldn't help but smile back.

Many of her good friends, including me, started out as people that she had worked with. She had the opportunity to finally be able to change to a job that would give her more time to spend with the people she loved, and just when she finally had this chance that she had been waiting for, she was senselessly murdered. The defendant and his brother took away my lovely friend Krystle just before her 30th birthday.

I could tell you so many stories about Krystle but you will never really know her. You will never understand the impact of her loss or why she was loved so much. You will never know why she is so desperately missed by all of us that loved her. My grief over her loss has been the hardest part of my recovery and my heart has been the last to heal.

Islamic terrorists came targeting innocent people in one of the greatest events in our city. They came to hurt,

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destroy and kill people. Some of those people were from their very own community, people that had never hurt them in any way. Innocent people. They came and took away innocence that -- in our city that we will never get back. I am talking about the defendant and his brother. The defendant stood there watching children play and he still chose to leave his weapon of mass destruction behind those children when he walked away. He can't possibly have had a soul to do such a horrible thing.

During this trial a defense witness said that she saw remorse. Why didn't any of the victims that testified to the horrors that we experienced see that remorse? Why didn't any of us that sat in the courtroom through this long trial see any remorse? The defense blamed the dead brother for these terrible actions. What a cowardly defense. You ruined so many lives that day, but you also ruined your own. You will never see your family again. Your friends abandoned you and you will die alone in prison.

If you are truly remorseful, now's the time that you can say you're sorry and mean it. Now is the time to show your regret and remorse to all of us that are suffering. There are many misguided young men and women in this country that are working to join terrorist groups. In your remorsefulness you can tell them of your regret and you can discourage them. You can save someone else from the horror and these cowardly acts if you really have an ounce of genuine regret or remorse.

1 Thank you, your Honor. THE COURT: Thank you. 2 MR. MELLIN: Your Honor, the Collier family. 3 MS. ROGERS: I'd like to thank your Honor for the 4 5 opportunity to speak today, and also to the jury, the FBI and law enforcement and the U.S. Attorney for all their hard work 7 and support. 8 There are not words that can accurately describe the heart-wrenching pain I have suffered due to the actions of the 9 00:31 10 defendant. In the past two years I have lost my younger 11 brother and friend. I have been dragged through an emotional tug of war between trying to mourn that, live a normal life, 12 13 and the spectacle of a federal death penalty trial and the 14 media circus that goes along with it. 15 We are a private family, six kids and two loving parents living in a small town. We grew up, we moved out and 16 started becoming contributing adults, many of us working in the 17 human services filed to make a difference. When Sean died, I 18 19 was working with adolescents on an inpatient mental health unit 00:32 20 and bartending to make ends meet. I was behind the bar the 21 night that I got the call from my dad at 12:08 a.m. that Sean 22 was shot. Sean was dead. 23 I left work immediately, unsure how to get to the

hospital, not realizing that I couldn't get a cab because the

city was shut down as the men who savagely murdered my brother

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were still out there attempting to ruin the lives of other families. When I was finally able to get to the hospital, I was told my family was in a room down the hall. I opened the door and saw them sobbing and wailing over Sean's dead body. I would never have gone into that room had I known I could never wash that memory from my mind ever.

I went to school for forensic science and knew immediately based on the distortion and the entry wounds to my brother's face, that he had been shot in the head, and more than once. I don't believe I was in that room for more than two minutes because I didn't want to keep looking at and examining the wounds. That's not how I wanted to remember him. This is (indicating.)

After leaving that room, we were told that there were more people, not family, waiting down the hall for us. I walked into a room of full-grown men sobbing. Most were police officers. I had never seen anything like that before and I don't know if I could ever explain the weight of heavy sadness in there, although now it's something I experience quite frequently. Shortly after that was our first media assault. They had sent someone to the hospital to try and speak to us about how we felt about Sean's murder. She was young looking and blended in quite well, but it was a first look at how our grief would be treated through this point as a salacious story.

The next few days were a blur. I went where I was

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told, usually by escort, now learning not only was my brother a murdered cop, but he was murdered by the same terrorists who killed three other people, maimed and physically injured hundreds more and aimed to destroy the city I live in and love dearly.

During this time we were visited by friends and family, and the press was on the porch of the neighbor's house trying to get pictures of us crying as we welcomed the condolences of loved ones. In the past two years I've had to call the police because this has become a normal occurrence.

Over the past two years I've tried to find some sort of normalcy in my life to try and find my identity again, but my life isn't normal at all. I can't watch the news without fear of starting off my day hearing about Sean's death, or more frequently, seeing the defendant's face, sending me into complete breakdown or a panic attack. It's hard to forget for even a minute that the happy and loving family I once had is now ripped apart over pure hate that had nothing to do with us, pure hate that I had never before felt, considered or seen, never mind act out on anyone else.

My once private life has been infiltrated and invaded. The media have come to my apartment, know my phone number and my email, and they stalk us on the Facebook. Though not all press is like this and the ones who have been respectful know who they are. I'm approached in public, and sometimes I feel

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like I have to look over my shoulder, or heaven forbid someone tell me they recognize me because it usually ends with a question about how I feel about the defendant. I've had to learn to cry and smile behind a stone face and oversized sunglasses to prevent it from being misinterpreted and tweeted.

I constantly worry about my physical appearance because I can never have a fat or bad hair day without the world seeing pictures of me at my worse. I live in fear and apprehension to meet people because everyone has an opinion or wants to know the gruesome details of Sean's death or even the defendant's life. I sit at restaurants in my city with friends and overhear conversations of strangers talking like they know him. There's nowhere to hide from that feeling as your stomach drops and your face gets hot and you decide whether or not to say something, punch something or just leave.

Being the unmarried siblings in the family was fun with Sean. We could exchange stories and laugh about it, and it was nice to have something in common just to ourselves. I rarely date anymore. Having to explain my life is too difficult for someone outside the circle. Finding someone who isn't around only to be part of a big publicized tragedy or has the ability to empathize and stick around for the stress and emotion of being a part of it feels almost impossible. And these days there's no one to share these dating disasters with at the kids' table at Thanksgiving.

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I've always been an outgoing and happy person. While that hasn't completely changed, I find myself finding joy -- less joy in activities or the energy to participate in them. I don't really know what makes me happy anymore. There are days where the process of merely getting through the day has become a goal, never mind any extras, and just putting on underwear I say is a success.

We have been beyond fortunate to have the support system of other survivors, friends, the Boston community, and especially law enforcement and the FBI who have kept us going with events and ceremonies and stories about how amazing Sean was, but I found myself exhausted from wanting to attend everything, to find a purpose or to get a laugh in order to not have to face the reality of what actually happened because if his friends are there, then he is obviously on his way.

There's an emptiness that I cannot manage to fill despite these thoughtful distractions. I have run full and half marathons, gone to concerts and sporting events, participated in corn hull tournaments and kickball games, gone to award ceremonies and met dignitaries, but I would trade it all in for the quiet of knowing my family and my life were whole again.

The defendant has not only taken Sean away from me, but he has taken me away from me in so many ways. I do not believe that I will ever totally recover from that or feel

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whole again despite how resilient defense counsel claims that I am. The simple pleasures of life are noticeably missing sometimes or my emotions run the full spectrum of intensity at all times. When I'm angry, I am furious. When I am sad, it is a debilitating woe, and sometimes when I feel joy, I feel it so purely that I cry because it is so rare and so powerful now knowing the depths of my grief that I try to hold onto it, not knowing when I will feel that full again.

So now in my journey to reclaim my life, I realize I am starting over. I am accepting that I will never have a complete and happy family ever again and that I will never hear that gut-busting laugh or low snicker followed by, "You're a mess." I will never see that mischievous grin or beg him to ditch whatever girl he's seeing to come meet me for drinks. I will only hear stories of his greatness, his shenanigans and how many people loved him.

I will toast whiskey in his honor and cry with grown men. My family will grow closer and I will grow stronger as I pursue a life of continuing to help others and show unconditional love and not hate. Most importantly, I will revel in the moments of small joy like Sean would, moments that were taken from him with every hope and endless gratitude that I am able and the defendant, who gave them up for hate, cannot.

He will never feel truly sorry for what he's done, only sorry for himself, that he no longer has the things that

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young people live for, the things that Sean loved most, like a little bit of chicken fried, a cold beer on a Friday night, a pair of jeans that fit just right and the radio up, seeing the sun rise, seeing the love in his woman's eyes, to feel the touch of a precious child and to know a mother's love.

Information regarding the defendant that I would like the Court to consider is that I do not know the defendant, nor do I care to know him. He is a coward and a liar. Defense counsel tried to portray him as a remorseful follower of his brother's hate-filled doings. He showed no remorse while his victims and their families stood in front of him disclosing their pain, injuries and experiences. He wouldn't even acknowledge them. He hid behind a dead man who could not defend himself and he took no responsibility for his actions. Every day he walked into this courtroom, head held high with a swagger in his step like he was entering a party with his entourage, his federal protectors.

When Nathan Harmon identified him as the only person leaning into the cruiser over my brother's dead body, rather than just make himself more visible [sic], he stood and pulled on his shirt like he was showing off his new designer clothes, he was daring him to identify the color, he turned his head to watch how a holster like Sean's would work since he had clearly failed before. There was a level of premeditation to this crime against my brother as he parked near by, snuck up behind

the cruiser and wore gloves to commit his murder.

He bought milk after setting off a bomb to kill children. I think that this was less to show how little he cared and more to try to set up a videotape alibi. He drove around getting snacks to prepare to kill more people as he robbed a terrified hostage, and heaven forbid he leave his terrorist death soundtrack while he did it.

He has not once shown that he cares about a single person but himself. He ran his own brother over with a car. He was willing to do that, so it's no wonder he had no issue shooting mine in the head. If that did not show a complete disregard for life, then what does? He is a leach, abusing the privileges of American freedom, and he spit in the face of the American dream.

I ask the Court to take into consideration the defendant's actions and impose strict and consecutive sentences for these offense that do not carry the burden of the death penalty so that there is no way the defendant will ever be free to spread his hate again.

Thank you, your Honor.

MR. MELLIN: Your Honor, just for the record, that's Jennifer Rogers. The last name is R-O-G-E-R-S.

THE COURT: Thank you.

MS. PELLEGRINI: Bill and Denise Richard.

MR. RICHARD: Bill and Denise Richard, last name

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Your Honor, I thank you. Thank you, members of the jury.

We have no words to express what today means to us. There's nothing we can say that will change anything for any of us. His attorneys began this trial telling us and the world the truth of what we already knew, that he was guilty. He could have stopped his brother. He could have changed his mind the morning of April 15, 2013, walked away with a minimal sense of humanity and reported to authorities that his brother intended to hurt others.

He chose to do nothing, to prevent all of this from happening, and he chose to accompany his brother and participate in this hate. He chose hate. He chose destruction. He chose death. This is all on him.

We choose love. We choose kindness. We choose peace. This is our response to hate. That is what makes us different than him.

We had preferred he have a lifetime to reconcile with himself what he did that day, but he will have less than that. Until the day he comes to understand what he has done, there is no reconciliation for him. Until the day he asks for reconciliation, this all hangs on him. And on the day he meets his maker, may he understand what he has done and may justice and peace be found.

1 THE COURT: Thank you. MR. MELLIN: Richard Donohue. 2 MR. DONOHUE: Your Honor, Transit Police Sergeant 3 Richard Donohue. Last name is spelled D-O-N-O-H-U-E. 4 5 My life was changed forever due to the defendant's 6 actions on April 18, 2013, and the early morning of April 19, 7 2013. On the night of the 18th, Mr. Tsarnaev and his brother murdered MIT Police Officer Sean Collier. He was my police academy classmate, and more importantly, a good friend. 00:44 10 There are many words I could use to describe Sean's 11 character, but I mainly remember him as a selfless individual. Every time I got together with Sean, his light-hearted spirit 12 13 would boost the mood of everyone around him every single time. 14 He was truly a special person and the loss of him that night is 15 something I'll never forget. The defendant's actions in Watertown on April 19, 16 2013, caused me lasting injuries. His attempts to inflict more 17 terror and kill police officers brought me there. I should 18 19 have died early that morning from the injuries I sustained, but 00:45 20 instead was miraculously kept alive through prolonged resuscitation and hours of surgery. I was literally within 21 22 seconds of leaving this world and leaving my six-month-old son to grow up without a father, a life to live without a husband 23

Since that morning in Watertown, I've been left with

and a family without a son, without a brother.

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immense, irreversible physical pain, pain that I feel every minute of every day. I endure burning and weakness in my left leg and left foot, a limp, and no fewer than six scars, some ranging up to six inches in length.

I spent two months in hospitals recovering from my injuries. That time included days without being able to eat or drink and nights where I was unable to sleep. The most gut-wrenching time was when I had to watch my friend Sean's funeral on TV from my hospital bed. It's truly hard to put into words how difficult those months were, and then I continued to undergo extensive physical therapy for approximately 18 months after my hospital stays.

My ability to work as a police officer has also been severely affected. My injuries impede me from engaging in recreational activities I formerly enjoyed and excelled at, such as running and swimming. And one of the most difficult parts of my recovery has been my inability to care for my young son. Due my physical condition I've not been able to care for him in the full capacity had I not been injured, and lengthy hospital stays have forced me to miss months away from him, a significant portion in a two-year-old child's life, and every day continues to be a challenge.

My injuries and my situation have not only affected me but my family, friends and fellow police officers. For 72 hours my family was at the hospital and had to deal with the

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unknown, whether I would live or whether I would die. And even after I came out of surgery, they had to worry whether I would wake up and never be able to move again. They were forced to take substantial time off work and rearrange their entire lives so they could act as caretakers for me.

They drove me to countless appointments and helped with even the most mundane tasks which I could no longer do for myself. I took those for granted as a healthy individual. My friends and fellow police officers also made changes to their lives. They sacrificed their own personal time to stay by my side.

But let me be clear on one thing: The defendant did not succeed in all his actions. Even though I have struggled, am in pain, even though I have had some of the worst days of my life, I'm still standing here. Lastly, this country and this Commonwealth accepted the defendant and his family with open arms as we have to millions of other immigrants since the founding of this country. Mr. Tsarnaev threw away the chance to makes a contribution to society and instead carried out cowardly heinous terrorist attacks. His attacks and actions are no less than treason against the United States of America and should be considered as such.

Thank you, your Honor.

MS. PELLEGRINI: Michael Chase.

MR. CHASE: My name is Michael Chase. Last name is

C-H-A-S-E. Good morning, your Honor.

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My life was also changed forever on that afternoon on Boylston Street on April 15th of 2013. Patriots' Day had been a celebrated day in my family for many years. My wife and I had taken that annual trip down Boylston Street to watch at the finish line and cheer on everything that the Boston Marathon represents to so many of us that sit here before you today.

On that Monday we watched from the patio of Atlantic Fish Company with -- there were nine of us total, friends and family. I stood on the planter that separated the Forum restaurant from the Atlantic Fish. We celebrated like we have so many times on a beautiful sunny day with some laughter and a couple of cold beers. I was absolutely -- actually on the phone with my brother at the time, trying to give him directions to Atlantic Fish. He was coming to enjoy the Bruins playoff game that night, and him and his wife were on their way down to meet us on Boylston.

When I heard the first explosion to my left and I took a peek just like everybody else and saw that mushroom cloud fill the sky, and I knew the concussion that I felt wasn't something that was planned and it wasn't part of the festivities, but we weren't quite sure what was going on just yet. At that moment -- you know, in these days you can see a videotape of the defendant making his way in the opposite direction. He clearly knew what was going on.

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Seconds later, as I continued to speak with my brother, the explosion took place on my left about 10, 15 feet away. I think you can imagine the highest pitched ring and complete silence all at the same time. Smoke, fire and screams filled the air. And I covered my wife, we took cover underneath the high-top table that we were standing next to, and I ushered her and one of our good friends into the little alcove between the Forum restaurant and Atlantic Fish.

As the smoke started to clear I could see that my sister—in—law had made her way into the restaurant and started banging on the glass window and told us to come inside. I ushered my wife and Lauren and we stayed close, concerned about a third or fourth explosion, and we made our way to the restaurant. But before I left the patio, I could see over my left—hand side at all the horror and the tragedy that took place that day, and the only thing I knew I needed to do was help. Boylston Street had turned into Bagdad. I felt like I was in a Third World country. My brother was still on the phone and I tucked it into my back pocket because I knew I needed to help.

People started to scatter, and I dropped my wife and Lauren at the front door and I saw a disheveled man coming down the street with his clothes torn from the explosion, and I helped him get to the front of the restaurant, and that's when I noticed a young girl laying in the middle of the street.

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I made my way into Boylston and I found Matt Patterson who testified in front of this Court, who is a true hero, a veteran of our military. He was providing care to young Jane Richard. And he is a true hero. And he had a calming effect on me and everybody at the scene. I removed my belt to help control the bleeding of this poor young girl who was tragically and critically wounded. I could see her father and his eldest son at my rear.

I needed to move her to emergency personnel who were approaching down Boylston Street. So Matt scooped her up and I held onto the tourniquet and we moved down the street as fast as we could to help Jane with her family in tow. And I spoke to Bill that day and I explained to him that I would swap out with him as soon as we got to the ambulance so that he could be with Jane before she was taken away. And I sat with Henry on the street corner, on the curb, and tried to quell his fears and let him know that his sister was on her way to some of the best hospitals in the world and that she was going to be okay. And at that time we weren't sure of her fate.

We were reunited with Bill, and he kept pointing toward the blast. And it was very difficult for anybody to hear or communicate, so I made my way back to the epicenter of the second scene, and that's where I sat with Martin and a few other people. And we all know his fate, unfortunately, from

that day.

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I helped move barricades and passed backboards and helped the professionals that were there trying to help out as they arrived on the scene, and I lasted at the scene probably 25 to 30 minutes before I was reunited with my family and close friends around the corner in front of DeLuca's Market.

I was transported to Salem Hospital where I realized I had a ruptured eardrum and my hearing was going to impacted, like so many people. I had a concussion, but my physical symptoms are so much better than so many other people on that day. I stood next to that planter and that's the only reason why I'm standing upright right now. It saved my live. I've been on Coumadin for ten years. It's a blood thinner. If I was at the Forum that day, there's no chance I would be here right now. There's no way they would have been able to control the bleeding. I'm very fortunate.

The defendant's decision to place that bomb on the curb that day had a tremendous impact on my life the last several years and continues to impact me today. I work as a student support coordinator at an alternative high school. We service about 120 kids from Boston all the way up to the North Shore with social and emotional and physical disabilities and behavioral issues. My job includes providing safety for these children. If there's a problem, they come see me. My job is to get them back in their classroom, if we can, or provide them

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a space away from the group to work and just be thoughtful and careful and empathetic all of those things that we do on a day-to-day basis. And these young kids come into my office, and sometimes this requires a physical intervention.

I wasn't prepared for the first flashback or panic attack I had at work with a young girl who was screaming and yelling and required a hands-on situation. I wasn't ready for that. I wasn't ready for the first day I walked into school, and we carry Walkie-Talkies in the form of communication, and I could hear the chirping in the walkies, and the first time I heard a siren go by.

I'm looked at as a leader at my job. It's my job and my role as a professional. And sometimes because of the acts of this man, my role has been jeopardized and I've had to take a step back or leave a situation or take a walk and do the things that I've worked on since that time to make sure that I'm mentally capable to finish off my day and do what I need to do to be a professional.

The acts have impacted my relationship with my wife who was with me that day and stood next to me. She's here today. There would be guilt that I felt for not staying with her. During a terrorist attack, I left my wife to fend for herself. We struggled to enjoy some of those things that we've always enjoyed and found joy in. And we kind of coexisted for a quite a long time in a depressive state in trying to figure

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those things out. We've done the work we had to do and continue to work every day on our relationship.

I'll never forget the first time I walked in -- I have a six-year-old daughter -- the time she was four and I carried her from the truck. She had fallen asleep after a night out. And it was one of my fondest childhood memories, of falling asleep and your parents transporting you inside and throwing you in bed. And the first time I had picked up a young girl since that moment. It was a very, very difficult moment for me and I began sweating and crying and shaking.

My physical health: Also, as I mentioned, my eardrum. I was only postop two months from an ACL reconstruction. I was in a knee brace that day and there was definitely a physical setback due to my running and jumping and the things that took place that day. My depression led to missed appointments and definitely negatively impacted my rehab.

My mental health, like so many other people, has been impacted. I never experienced anxiety, even though I speak to children about it every single day, until now. Sleepless nights. And that impacts, as we know, every aspect of your life. At times two to three days: Sleepless. Three or four hours, sometimes 12 in a week. But I worked hard with professionals, like so many people here have. So many people reached out, caring, kind people with compassion.

Professionals who helped me develop skills to work on those

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things that are associated with sleep deprivation and anxiety and depression. Like I said, I've worked so hard to support my wife in all of her struggles and improve our relationship and to build on what our family is. I'm never going to get rid of the images that I saw on that street on Boylston, but I've been back there many, many, many times since then.

I continue to work hard and prepare myself for those moments that I can't predict: How to respond when a door slams shut in the wind; how my daughter sneaks up to scare me from behind just to be a silly little kid; what if a student asks me about my experience on 4/15; or like two weeks ago when fireworks went off in the neighborhood that you had no idea would go off. This work has taken years, but it's allowed me to take back control of my life. And this hard work is going to have to continue for years to come.

On April 16th, that following day, in 2013, I tried to put some of my thoughts in words on paper in a sense to cope with what happened that day. Acts of terror designed to scare us into changing our daily plans. They want us to rethink our travel plans and second-guess decisions made once without hesitation and ruin our spirit. We will not waiver because we are strong. I stand in front of you with all those people behind me and waves of survivors in the overflow courtrooms to let you know that this community is strong. I've never felt anything like this. And emails and text messages and phone

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calls from complete strangers and meeting all these people here over the last months and years that stand beside you every single day and let you know that we're going to be okay in this community and this country has stood beside us, and that's what this is all about.

I didn't know what I was going to do for the first time of seeing this defendant, and to be honest with you, I don't want to speak to him. I'm here to say that we are okay, we're going to move forward and that we are strong.

Thank you very much, your Honor, and members of this Court.

MR. MELLIN: Joseph Craven.

MR. CRAVEN: Good morning, Judge. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to speak today. The name is J.P. Craven, C-R-A-V-E-N.

I've grown up in Boston nearly my whole life. It's the only city I've ever truly known well, and the marathon has come to be one of my favorite days of the year. Just over two years ago, I was standing ten feet away from the first bomb site on Boylston Street. I sustained the bulk of my injuries to my head, with minor injuries to my extremities. I was knocked unconscious, taking ball-bearings to the temple, nose, and two to the calf.

For over a year I attended regular doctors' appointments, hearing tests, multiple surgical procedures and

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numerous follow-ups. I've been given more support than I could have ever understood possible from nearly every corner of my now 27 years on earth. However, the majority of my thoughts now revolve around the impact of this entire event moving forward.

While I do not know the defendant personally, I do hope that he feels remorse for his actions just a couple of years ago. There are plenty who still suffer both emotionally and physically. Our world today is full of so many misunderstandings and disagreements, from smaller scale things that lead to arguments at school or in a store to much larger events that force countries into war and pit entire groups of people against each other. Events like the bombings make it so much easier for these rifts to grow larger and for our differences to divide us even more.

It is so much harder to recognize that these unfortunate situations also provide us with a great opportunity to bring us as people closer together. Evil acts make it easier for more evil to fester; however, the good that can come from that same evil has the potential to affect people far beyond what hatred ever could. If we as a community allow these proceedings and this decision to just dissipate into the background without so much as a whimper, we forgo the opportunity to enact any type of real change. Whether in an individual's life or in the way we interact with those who

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think differently than we do, we sometimes forget that people who may follow different ideals or have different cultural norms oftentimes long for very similar outcomes.

As I mentioned earlier, I hope the defendant's personal clarity has come into better focus and that he feels deep regret for what transpired two years ago. I don't wish this primarily for my own or any other individual's personal gratification and understanding, but rather for the fact that it brings hope to the possibility of using this new understanding to make a positive impact on the world. As ironic as it may seem, Jahar now possesses the unique ability to be a force of change in the lives of those who most of us wouldn't be able to reach.

Everyone connected to this event, every person in this courtroom, the city of Boston, our great country and people throughout the world have the ability to contribute. It may not be clear how to achieve this right away, it may even seem daunting just to think about how; however, the impact, regardless how small in a world full of violence, will be just as tangible as the people who initiate it.

I've tried my best to relate in any minor way to Jahar throughout the last number of months in preparation for the trial, though I must admit that it is hard at times. Though I've noticed over the last two years that we as Americans in a global community are no closer to confronting the issues of

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death and destruction that plague so many corners of the world, sometimes even in our backyard; however, the verdict does not suppress every one of our abilities to bridge gaps of misperception and show that the vast majority of people have similar goals of peace and understanding.

As much pain and suffering that began on April 15, 2013, I wholeheartedly believe in the benevolence and goodwill of people having supreme power over hatred, violence and evil. I would ask for you, Jahar, and everyone else in this courtroom and beyond to believe that as well. These unfortunate events have ultimately inspired me to challenge what has become societal normal at its core.

I understand you have no discretion, Judge, with regards to a number of these counts. It is my hope that the decisions you do have today can help to point us in the right direction and inspire us -- inspire all of us to be the catalyst for change our world so desperately needs.

MS. PELLEGRINI: Stephanie Benz.

MS. BENZ: Good morning, your Honor. My name is Stephanie Benz, B-E-N-Z. And thank you very much for the opportunity to speak this morning.

I was on the patio of the Forum at the site of the second blast. I remember the chilly air as we walked and talked on our way to the restaurant. We empathically commented on our excitement for spring, the flowers that were planted

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along the way, and the little things we love about our city, like the ducklings in the Boston Common.

The Forum was a favorite spot of one of the friends I was with that day. A charity was hosting a viewing party of the marathon, and we guests, among many others, supporting their team of runners who had raised thousands of dollars for cancer research. I tracked my friends who were running the race, and as they approached our location, I got especially ready with cowbells in hand and a smile from ear to ear. I had never watched the Boston Marathon that close to the finish line. The crowd's enthusiasm was extra infectious as the runners were that much closer to an incredible achievement. Sadly and thankfully, I didn't see my friends running that day. When the bomb went off at our site, it changed their pace, their goals, and all of our lives.

As I peered down the street and watched the smoke engulf the sidewalk in the distance, I thought the first explosion was a faulty fireworks display or a transformer malfunctioning, and then something happened to me and in an instant the scenario was far worse. With one shoe hanging and the other missing, I tried to step, but instead, kicked that dangling shoe off my foot. I saw my purse covered in blood. It was smokey and I couldn't hear. When I recount the story, I say I hurried inside. Maybe due to shock I was in a hurried state, but later learning the extent of my injuries, I rival

at the fact that I was fast moving at all.

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I could see one of my friends inside the restaurant and I moved towards him. I tried to speak but I was unsure if he could hear me. I could barely hear him. The sirens raged, people were screaming and running in all directions. Was this an attack? Were people coming on foot to get us? Should we be hiding. Thoughts of actual combat entered my mind. We were unarmed.

Super civilians, as I like to call them, helped my friend lift me onto a granite table. I did all I could to stay calm, but I didn't feel safe. With my injuries wrapped in bar towels, I was moved to the street to be more visible to the first responders. My friend told me not to look at my leg anymore. "Just look at me," he said. "Don't look around." He reassured me we would be okay. That friend became the bravest person I know that day.

I waited to get in an ambulance until they all but cleared the scene. Too many others, as many have addressed, needed those gurneys. Most people in my life didn't know I was at the marathon that day. We didn't have cell service until we made it to Storrow Drive, and family and friends who had been in the dark about my whereabouts were relieved to get a call from my friend and to learn my state, but obviously traumatized by the reality of what was.

Once at the hospital, it was like a movie set come to

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life. It was incredible how many people were helping, but at the same time, I simply couldn't believe how many people needed help. After several interviews with police detectives and FBI agents, confirmation that this act was a potential crime, and countless nurses, aides and doctors had treated me, essentially anyone who could help, helped, they released me. My X-rays showed no broken bones, we managed to extract most of the shrapnel off the surface of my forehead, face, arms and legs, and I agreed to be discharged.

I didn't watch TV for the first day or two following the bombing. I was in so much pain and it was difficult to relax or rest. When FBI agents asked to interview me at home, I agreed. All I wanted to do was help. I struggled to remember that chunk of time between the bomb and finding my way into the restaurant that day. I was still having trouble hearing. I truly felt helpless in aiding their efforts to identify the wrongdoers.

My first followup with my physician would prove frustrating. Essentially, I was told to focus on being fortunate, and regarding my pain, I should suck it up. After months of crutches, misdiagnoses, wheelchairs, headaches, stiffness, ringing in my ears and countless doctors' appointments, second, third and fourth opinions, x-rays, blood, testing, re-testing it was determined the left side of my body had, in fact, for lack of better terminology, been frozen. My

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thigh all the way to the toes of my leg was purple. My leg had started to atrophy.

With concern for further injury and a true uncertainty for what was causing the pain, doctors had suggested I stay off the leg on at least two different occasions for weeks at a time. As a result, my leg was starting to deteriorate. Almost ten months to the day after the bombing, I would have surgery on my left ankle in the hopes of finding the shrapnel and repairing the internal damage. Inevitably, the foreign objects that had passed through my leg had left a crazy path of extensive scar tissue. There is no guarantee the surgery will fix what was done. If the pain I have today and every day is any indication, it hasn't yet.

Physical therapy, home remedies, exercise, hard work, patience and a positive outlook have been my course of action thus far. My neck and shoulder are pulled because of the ineptness of my left side. My hip and knee constantly compensate for my IT band, my hamstring and my ankle. My right side does a lot of work for my body. It's been difficult to build any muscle back on the left leg.

I've missed out on special moments of my nieces, nephews and Godchildren. Friendships have changed dramatically because people don't know how to be friends with a bombing victim, and who can blame them. My lifelong love for dance is forever apparent but to execute it is painful. I cannot fully

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flex my left leg, and I often wake up during the night in pain.

The treatment that has been a catalyst for releasing some of my body's physical turmoil isn't recognized as medical by the state, so I pay thousands of dollars out-of-pocket to continue this healing process. I jump at loud noises. I struggle to separate sounds in a telephone conversation or in a crowded room. I try to do the things I love to do but sometimes find fear creeping into scenarios and places that were once mine free to enjoy free of anxiety.

I stick with the idea and hope that I will get full mobility back in my left foot and ankle; that I will be able to dance or walk down stairs without a consciousness of where I'm placing my foot and sleep without pain that has since become the norm.

Thank you very much.

MR. MELLIN: Henry Borgard.

MR. BORGARD: Hello. My name is Henry Borgard, last name is spelled B-O-R-G-A-R-D. And this lovely service dog next to me is my Girl Friday.

Your Honor, I'd just like to start by thanking you for the opportunity to address the Court. I really appreciate it.

I've had a really difficult time deciding what to say. The past two years have been hell and nothing can adequately describe how I feel, so I've had problems with finding words because no words really could ever do justice to the atrocities

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that the Tsarnaev brothers committed. But I want my voice to be heard today because there are five [sic] people whose voices are permanently silenced as a result of their actions, so I am grateful for the opportunity.

The story of the marathon has been told over and over and over again, and I don't want to hammer out details that have been repeated. I don't want to continue with that tragedy, but I will tell you what makes my story unique. I was a 21-year-old student at Suffolk University. I was not at the marathon to spectate; I was walking home from work back to my dorm on Beacon Hill. And when the first explosion went off, I thought it was a canon. I thought somebody might have crossed the finish line who was famous. I really didn't know anything about the marathon.

And I remember thinking about my hometown in Downers Grove, Illinois, and the Fourth of July parade that we have every year and the 21-gun salute that was my favorite part of the parade. And that's what it sounded like to me, so I wasn't alarmed at first. And then I remember processing the screams of the people down by the finish line, and how they multiplied and amplified. And then I knew something was really wrong. And I watched as the marathon reversed and the runners stopped running and the spectators started running towards me away from the finish line. And the last thing I remember before the second explosion went off was turning and looking and seeing a

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little boy, and I later found out that boy was Martin Richard. So that was the last thing I saw before the second explosion.

And I remember the night of the marathon, going back to my dorm and trying to sleep, and laying in bed and just shaking because I was afraid that something like that would happen again. I was afraid that the day wasn't over. And I still wake up screaming sometimes from nightmares. They continue to plague me on a regular basis. And what I keep playing over and over in my head is the fact that I called my mother. The bombs went off at 2:49 p.m. I called my mom at 2:52, and the only thing that she heard were my screams and the sirens of the emergency vehicles as they rushed to Boylston Street and the word "bomb," and then the line went dead. every time I call my mom now she asks if I'm okay before she says hello. And that's really, really hard for her. She said that the 15 minutes between my initial phone call and when I was finally able to get ahold of her again were the worst moments of her life. And she was in Illinois. She wasn't even there.

I called my mom because I was genuinely afraid that I was going to die and I needed her to know that I loved her.

And I wasn't sure if she knew. And that was -- I couldn't get it out when I was on the phone with her initially, and that's something that I feel guilty about to this day. And, you know, guilt is something that I deal with on a regular basis. I feel

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guilty about calling my mom, I feel guilty about the fact that I wasn't severely injured and other people were, I feel guilty about the fact that I'm breathing, that I'm here. And that's not something that anyone should have to deal with.

I deal with panic attacks and flashbacks and disassociation episodes. I'm hypervigilant constantly. Being in court here with my back to people makes me really nervous. Backpacks, sirens, flashing lights, crowds, media vans, the news, children, screams, blood, crowds, all of these things I can't -- I can't be around them. Loud noises, fireworks. That Fourth of July parade I loved so much? I can't go anymore.

I had to drop out of school after I was diagnosed with posttraumatic stress disorder, combat specific, and later with postconcussive syndrome, which is a mild traumatic brain injury. I had to teach myself how to read again, and it took me almost a year, and I'm an English major.

The road to recovery is difficult, it's unpaved, it's unkept, and most of the time I'm alone. But that's something that I'm really grateful for because the majority of the people that I encounter, they don't speak the language of victims, and I'm glad that they don't because that means that they don't know the hell that I've been through and they don't know the hell the people behind me have been through.

I know how fear feels. I know how it feels when it courses through your veins and your blood gets cold. I know

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how it feels when every piece of good that you have inside of you gets extinguished by fear.

I have a million questions. I want to know why. I was really angry for a really long time and really resentful. But honestly, today, you know, I deal with a lot of stuff, but the biggest thing is that I'm grateful for my life today because I might not have had it. And I'm grateful for the people who carried me when I wanted to give up. And I'm grateful for the fact that I never stopped fighting and I'm grateful for the fact that in two days I'm going to be turning 24 and I'm going to be celebrating that birthday with my family and I'm going to get to give my mom a hug. And I'm grateful for the fact that I'm going back to school for the first time in two years in the fall and that I'm majoring in English again. I'm grateful for the fact that Boston has taught me how to be resilient even though I'm all the way out in Chicago. The Windy City says hello. I think what I'm most grateful for is the fact that I found a way to forgive the defendant despite everything that he did to me.

When I hug my mom, I hug her extra tight because I know it might be the last time that I see her. When I say that "I love you," I mean it because I know how quickly a life can be extinguished. I've learned how to accept help graciously and extend my hand effortlessly, and that's a blessing because I want to spread good in this world. And I'm going to continue

to do that.

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The biggest impact that the Boston Marathon bombing has had on my life is the overwhelming kindness and generosity that everyone has showed me: My friends, my family and just random strangers. A few nights after the marathon, I went back to Boylston Street and I was just standing on the edge of the barricades when it was still blocked off. And I was crying, and this kid I didn't know from BU -- he had a BU sweatshirt on -- came up to me and just gave me a hug and was, like, "Everything's going to be okay." And that is the kind of stuff that I want to remember from this, just random acts of kindness from strangers who don't even know me. That's awesome.

My dog Friday is apparently bothering you. I apologize. She was donated to me. Her training cost \$50,000 and she was donated to me by people that I had never met.

I want to say that I truly believe that love is and always will be louder and that I truly am grateful for this experience, and had I been given the option to take another route home that day, I wouldn't. I really wouldn't.

Your Honor, thank you again for allowing us to speak. I really appreciate it. And thank you very much for your service.

MS. PELLEGRINI: Elizabeth Bourgault.

MS. BOURGAULT: Your Honor, I am Elizabeth Bourgault, B-O-U-R-G-A-U-L-T. Being a runner, the Boston Marathon has

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long been an event that I enjoyed attending. April 15th was no different. My husband and I chose to stay and watch the marathon at the finish line instead of moving along the course because the weather was so nice, the crowds were having fun, and I was watching for one particular runner to cross the finish line. Then the bombs exploded.

Most everyone knows by now the physical, emotional and financial toll the victims have endured. Many have shared their stories publicly these past two years. We all have our stories to tell, the moments to relive and the trauma to deal with. What I have endured is no different. The dramatic impact on my life, the physical and emotional pain I still suffer, and the sense of loss for the life that I enjoyed prior to walking out my door on April 15th.

I know my impact statement is supposed to describe the harm I have endured these past two years, but I would rather reflect upon the non-harmful aspects of having had the misfortune of being injured. Besides, the defendant does not care about the negative impact his actions have had on my life because that was his reason for getting out of bed that morning in the first place. The defendant was determined to destroy as many lives as he could without any regard for impact.

Since being injured on April 15th, I have had the opportunity to know just how much my family and friends love me. When I wasn't able to care for myself, they cared for me.

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When I couldn't function emotionally and I was a puddle, they were all my rock. When my life was out of control, they were there to rein things in and remind me that I will come through the other side and be okay, which I did and which I am.

At the time I was injured, I was working in the legal field, a career I enjoyed for almost 37 years. Until I realized after spending a long time recovering and rebuilding my life, that I could no longer be surrounded by people who were bent on destroying their lives or the lives of others, I changed careers recently, and am now very happily employed as a caregiver, assisting people who are working hard to regain and rebuild their lives.

The defendant chose to commit a crime for which the English language has no words to describe how horrible it is. The defendant is a coward in the strongest sense of the word. The defendant will now die for what he did. I firmly believe that whatever god the defendant believes in is not a god that will welcome the defendant upon his death for the crimes he committed. Instead, I believe the defendant's god will condemn him to an eternity of suffering equal to, if not more than what he intentionally caused others.

When the defendant is sitting alone in his very small jail cell day after day waiting to die, I hope he never forgets and will be forever haunted by the fact that not only did he fail to destroy the human spirit on that Marathon Monday, but

that I am surrounded by the love of my family and friends, something the defendant will never, ever again experience.

Thank you, your Honor.

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MR. MELLIN: Carol Downing.

MS. DOWNING: Good morning, your Honor, members of the jury. My name is Carol Downing, D-O-W-N-I-N-G. I am the mother of Nicole Gross and Erica Brannock, who were severely injured at the Boston Marathon. I would like to share how the marathon bombing has impacted my life.

Although I was not physically injured on Boylston Street, I was injured emotionally by the terrible event of that day. I was running the marathon that day and learned about the bombing when I was stopped a quarter mile from the finish line. Erica, Nicole, and my son-in-law Michael were waiting for me at the finish line and tried to -- I tried to text them but got no answer. A little while later, I got a text from Michael. He said, "Are you okay?" I said, "Yes, are you?" He said, "We were in the bombing and I can't find Nicole and Erica." That is when my life changed forever. Pure panic overcame me and I was absolutely frozen in fear.

If not for this stranger that was next to me, I don't know if I would have been able to maneuver through a strange city, cold and exhausted, almost completing the 26.2 mile run. Michael eventually texted me that he had learned Nicole was on her way to Brigham and Women's Hospital; that he still didn't

know where Erica was.

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With the help of other strangers, I was able to get to Brigham and Women's Hospital, a few hours later to learn that Nicole was in surgery. Michael had suffered burns to his head and severe — some shrapnel injuries. But Erica was still missing. It wasn't until 9 p.m. that evening that FBI agents found me in the waiting room at Brigham and Women's and told me that Erica was at Beth Israel. They walked me over there and took me to the ICU where I was met by a doctor and nurse who told me that Erica lost a leg on Boylston Street and that her other leg was severely damaged but they would do all that they could to save it.

So my nightmare continued. 34 days in the hospital for Nicole and 50 days for Erica. I spent all but one day of those days in Boston. My only respite was going home to Maryland for 24 hours to get more clothes and take care of some financial matters.

To say that my life has been impacted by the bombing is an understatement. So much focus has been on the injuries of the survivors. I, on the other hand, feel like an invisible victim. Consider the exhaustion of running almost a full marathon only to find out that your children were severely injured as they waited to see their mother cross the finish line. Most people who run a marathon need a week or more to recover, but I was immediately thrown into an emotional

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marathon that tested my mental and physical abilities for more than two years.

Every day for nearly two months I spent with one or both of my children at their hospitals. Nicole was finally ready to return to her home, and return to Charlotte with Michael in May; Erica's hospital stay was much longer. She was the longest of the injured, and finally went home on June 3rd, 2013.

I accompanied Erica when she was medevaced home, and she immediately was admitted into an inpatient hospital for the next two weeks. I visited her or stayed overnight with her every day while she was there. She was then moved back home with my husband and me where she and I slept in the living room while renovations were done on our house to make it handicap-accessible. During this time, I helped her change the bandages on her still-open wounds and cared for her needs, as she was virtually immobile. She was on IV meds for six weeks that had to be administered every six hours that took 30 minutes each time by either she or I.

In Boston, two free-flap operations were attempted on Erica's remaining leg, both of which were unsuccessful. A third attempt to save Erica's remaining leg was made on August 5th, 2013, at Maryland Shock Trauma. She was discharged from there on August 13th, and I became Erica's 24-hour caretaker while she healed from this major surgery.

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The physical and emotional exhaustion was something I have never felt before. There was very little time for me to even try to heal my own emotional trauma and get rest. On top of that, Nicole was home in North Carolina where she continued to have more surgeries. Due to Erica's need for my constant help, I was unable to be with Nicole to help with her physical and emotional needs.

My life has been filled with countless hours of supporting Erica through 21 surgeries, doctors' appointments, miles of driving to and from the hospitals and doctors, hours of sitting in waiting rooms and hospitals, home nurse visits, physical therapy appointments, home wound care and support for Erica, Nicole, mental health counseling, untold hours of paperwork required for reimbursement of bombing-related costs, and many more demands on my life that I have pushed far from my memory.

I've had to be strong for my daughters while I was falling apart myself. Many nights I would sit at the dinner table with my husband and sob from physical and mental exhaustion and guilt; the guilt of placing my children at the finish line as I ran the marathon.

It has been extremely hard for me to concentrate on tasks that require me to be focused. I have spent days where I felt like I couldn't drag myself out of bed, but I pushed through it only to wander around the house without the

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motivation to get anything accomplished. My house, daily routine, marriage, relationship with my daughters and mental well-being have all been affected. To say that I was away from my home a lot with Erica is an understatement which put a strain on my marriage with my husband, who is not Erica and Nicole's father.

There was no way that my life had any balance in it.

After 25 months, I am still now -- just now starting to feel the reality of how our lives have been turned upside-down forever. I don't have the energy that I once had. I constantly worry about Erica, Nicole and Michael. They are still very much affected emotionally. I see Erica's struggles on a daily basis, how limited she is to engage in activities that once were so easy for her and the reality that she's unable to continue her career as a preschool teacher. It pains me to know that Nicole will never be the outstanding athlete that she had been and that she will never be able to go back to her advocation as a triathlete and her vocation as a personal trainer. Neither of my daughters have been able to return to work, so I experience the added worry about what they will be able to do for employment in the future.

My daughters' bodies are covered from torso to feet with scars, broken bones, missing bones, severed tendons and skin grafts. Erica has lost one leg above the knee and her other leg is so severely injured that she will need to walk

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with a brace for the rest of her life. She has a scar from her armpit to her hip where muscle and skin was harvested to cover up the injury in her remaining leg. Nicole has a scar from just below her ribs to below her navel from an emergency abdominal surgery in Boston due to complications from a filter that was placed in her to prevent blood clots. The filter became dislodged and perforated her small intestines and became embedded in an artery.

Am I stressed? Physically, emotionally and mentally exhausted? Worried? All the time. My life is forever changed, but not as much as the lives of my daughters and son-in-law. I have done my best to move forward, to stay positive and to be thankful for all that we have and all that we have received. I have tried to hide my hurt and sadness from my daughters so they can heal emotionally and make the best out of the life that they have been given. Some days are just harder.

Thank you for your time and allowing me to share how this horrific event has impacted my life.

MR. MELLIN: Your Honor, Erica Brannock.

MS. BRANNOCK: Thank you for letting me speak, your Honor. My name is Erika Brannock, E-R-I-K-A B-R-A-N-N-O-C-K.

While Mr. Tsarnaev did not place the pressure cooker bomb directly behind me, his participation and involvement in the planning caused my injuries resulting in the loss of part

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of my left leg. In April of 2013, I had two amputations: One on Boylston Street while waiting with my sister and my brother-in-law to see my mother complete her first Boston Marathon, the other was two weeks later after the bombing at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center when I gave my surgeons permission to take my below-the-knee amputation above the knee. This would ensure that I could later support a prosthesis.

While I have made progress after multiple revisions to my left limb and becoming more comfortable walking with a leg that is not my own, I have had struggles -- I've had to struggle with much more. On April 15, I lost three centimeters of bone from my fibula in my right leg closer to my ankle than most doctors would want. To say that I am lucky to be standing on one of my own legs is an understatement. I should be an amputee -- a double amputee like Jeff, Celeste and Jessica. Had it not been for the quick thinking of Amanda North, a woman I had never met before, I would not be here today. She grabbed my hand and told me she would get me help. She never -- she even gave her belt to be used to stop my bleeding.

Mr. Tsarnaev not only played a part in my leg being blown off and my struggles to walk again, but also in the life I had built for myself. I am not able to physically teach the age level I cherished so much because of the serious damage to my right leg. I cannot run after my students, or as I refer to them, my babies, and play with them. I cannot fulfill the

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duties of a teacher of young two-year-olds. Ultimately, my physical life is now changed forever. To date, I have had 21 surgeries since April 15, 2013, that have repaired holes in both my eardrums, removed multiple nails and BB's, healed fractured bones, given me some function back in my right leg that had a hole blown into it, and the amputation of my -- the lower part of my left leg above the knee.

My risk for early bone disease is much higher now due to all the injuries I sustained. I will most likely have to wear a brace on my right leg for the rest of my life. While I am standing and walking today, I tire easily when walking or doing physical activities. It takes a large amount of effort to walk even just a few feet. I doubt I will ever be able to run or jog again, so when I have my own children I will not be able to share that kind of fun and play with them.

My mental state is significantly different from where it was before the bombing. I flinch at loud noises and I experience panic attacks from flashbacks. That day will never leave me no matter the amount of time or therapy I have. The long-term financial burden I will experience will be with me for the rest of my life. I was not able to complete my master's program that I had been working on before the bombing because I could not complete the requirements both physically and mentally. Even though I have been profoundly impacted in so many ways, I will get on with my life and not let

Mr. Tsarnaev and his -- Mr. Tsarnaev and his brother decided to do. What they did will not break my spirit and my drive to accomplish my dreams and goals.

Thank you.

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MS. PELLEGRINI: Jeanne-Marie Parker.

MS. PARKER: Good morning, your Honor. My name is Jeanne-Marie Parker, J-E-A-N-N-E-M-A-R-I-E P-A-R-K-E-R. I was at the Forum with my two daughters, my nieces and some friends. We were inside when the bomb detonated, went off. I cannot explain to you the terror we all felt.

In the 49 years of my life, I never knew this gut-wrenching feeling that would change our lives forever. The last two years of our lives have been challenging to say the least. We suffer from permanent hearing loss, tinnitus, severe anxiety, PTSD, severe migraine headaches, difficulty in startle response, to name a few.

I may not look wounded to you, but I am. You don't see my wounds because they are invisible to the eye. I can relate to that because I watched -- I watched your aunt walk to the stand while she showed no obvious signs of physical trauma either; however, as I watched you watch your aunt try and speak, she couldn't utter a word because she was hysterically crying. I saw you wiping your tears away knowing that you were the cause of her pain. She may not have suffered a physical injury by your hands like we did, but you obviously caused her

severe emotional trauma.

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While you wait in prison for your impending death, your aunt will carry the emotional pain. Long after you are gone, your aunt will continue to carry that pain with her for the rest of her life. Not only is that going to affect her, but everyone else she interacts with will be impacted.

That was just one person. Now think about that magnified by every person who was not only at the marathon but knew someone at the marathon or watched the images on TV. Just know that you have caused that much pain and suffering. My pain is their pain. It's like a cancer that you created that spread so rampantly. My only hope is that you own all of this grief and anguish for the rest of your natural life.

What I represent in the world is wholeness and healing. I ask myself where does the healing begin. It begins with you taking responsibility for your actions, telling the truth and asking for forgiveness. So I have one question for you: According to your meetings with Sister Prejean, you are remorseful for your actions. I haven't seen or heard any indication of that. What would your impact statement be for all the pain and suffering that you've caused? I challenge you to write that.

Thank you.

MR. MELLIN: Scott Weisberg.

MR. WEISBERG: Your Honor, my name is Scott Weisberg,

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S-C-O-T-T, Weisberg, W-E-I-S-B-E-R-G. Thank you for allowing me to speak today.

I am a 45-year-old family physician from Birmingham, Alabama. I'm also a marathon runner, and I now suffer with bilateral hearing loss, a mild traumatic brain injury, posttraumatic stress disorder as a result of accomplishing my first Boston Marathon on April 15, 2013, which was a dream of mine.

I crossed that finish line three seconds prior to the detonation of the first bomb. I am so grateful to be here today for my family, and especially for my three children, Joshua, Jordan and Jesse, but my life has changed forever, as well as the other survivors, as a result of that day.

I never would have thought that I would be wearing hearing aids at 43 years old. I also never realized that I would have to convince society and my medical professionals that my injuries were real because they are hidden and invisible. It took me over 16 months of searching for answers to figure out my injuries. I spent countless hours going to the doctors', taking medications, as well as having very painful procedures on my ears to only find out that my hearing loss was permanent.

It is very easy to diagnose someone with depression and PTSD due to the traumatic event that we all endured. I was forgetful, confused. I could not perform higher executive

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functioning tasks. And as a family physician, that was a real problem. Despite all of the technology available in today's world, I am still not able to use a stethoscope to hear body sounds. I was the main financial supporter of my family and I had my own very successful medical practice for ten years. Now my practice is struggling to survive. I continue to do the very best for my three children, and in the midst of this, I'm getting a divorce because my spouse cannot grasp the trauma this has inflicted on me and my family.

I live in Alabama, isolated from other survivors and a city that understands what happened to them. Luckily, I have a support group through our private social media site, but it is very hard going through this process, often at times alone. The process of trying to reinvent oneself and deal with the emotional trauma after an event such as the Boston bombing is overwhelming, but when one is forced to convince others that their injuries are lifelong and costly, compounds the problems.

I fight constantly with my insurance carriers because they do not recognize hearing aids as a necessary medical expense. In addition, they do not feel that speech therapy is necessary to help in the recovery of a traumatic brain injury. Traveling to my doctors in Boston, Huntsville, Alabama, and Montgomery, Alabama, makes it very difficult to function as a working adult. Additionally, seeing both mental and speech therapists to help with all of my conditions takes time and

money.

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I wish the world could take my place one day and see what it's like to appear normal on the outside and have so many day-to-day problems on the inside. My hearing loss is bilaterally, and I've been wearing hearing aids since August of 2013. I change out my batteries every few days, and the maintenance and upkeep is unbelievable. My brain injury has left me having trouble with processing speed and working memory, both of which are very important in the world of being a family physician.

I'm still struggling to convince insurance companies that I actually have a disability since these are hidden and invisible injuries. I have since become an advocate for others, which is why I'm here today in this courtroom sharing my story. I want people to understand that my injuries are very significant and will be with me for the rest of my life and will impact my future and my family's future forever.

There are around 260 survivors of the bombings that have issues just like myself, all dealing with tinnitus, hearing loss, brain injuries, depression, PTSD. Our voices must be heard and our injuries are not disappearing. Our lives have changed April 15, 2013, and we must not be forgotten by the City of Boston, the State of Massachusetts, the United States, and by the community of professionals that take care of us, whether it's in Massachusetts, Alabama, Maine, Wisconsin,

California, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Maryland and whatever other states we come from.

Thank you for allowing me the opportunity to speak today and to share my story as well as that of the other survivors.

MS. PELLEGRINI: Meghan Zipin.

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MS. ZIPIN: Good morning. My name is Meghan Zipin. And you spell the "Zipin" Z-I-P-I-N.

A few months ago many of us who are here today received a letter in the mail, and the first question was, "Describe in your own words the harm you suffered from the crime the defendant committed. Explain the physical, emotional and financial harm you endured. Include any long-term impact you foresee, and describe what that means to you and your lifestyle."

It's nearly impossible to answer that question, and that is my most important statement. This is a huge ask, to still down to three black and white lines of text, text that ends with the question, what does this mean to you and your lifestyle. I decided to match the direct nature of the question because there's power in a collective voice. I hope that you've read 260 messages of triumph, fight, struggle, loss, madness and strength. Just know your question is too simple and the fight is too complex. We all wish that we knew the answer.

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Physically, my ears and auditory processing ability were directly impacted by the crime. My hearing loss is named global auditory processing disorder, and mine is classified as severe and permanent. Your ears and your brain work together listen to stimuli and processing that information into interpretable language. My injury interrupts that communication, making it difficult to distill and comprehend auditory information in any environment. I'll wear hearing aids forever to minimize the struggle. The injuries most consistent with traumatic brain injuries seen in soldiers following an IED impact, bombings and proximity to the explosion matters. My foot was on the finish line.

I suffer an array of physical symptoms consistent with PTSD: Insomnia, hyperventilation, hypervigilance, rapid heartbeat. My fight-or-flight hormones are still high that doctors once suspected I had a tumor on the secreting glands.

Emotionally, two of my friends were waiting for me at the finish line. Both girls were blown up, suffering life-threatening injuries. And the weight of guilt is insurmountable. The memory of their suffering is burned in my brain. And all that once felt safe and secure in the world has felt jarred. PTSD is a beast that I continue to tackle. I have panic attacks, and at one point in January 2015 they occurred every 48 hours for weeks. I work to control severe anxiety, frequent nightmares, and a disconnect associated with

losing all that once defined me.

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Financially, I'm a 2013 MBA graduate of Boston

College. In September of 2012, prior to graduation, I accepted and began a job with a large Boston firm. The salary was over \$100,000, and I couldn't believe it. After the bombing, I never returned. Due to my symptoms, I had to leave my job in business development. I am married, and thankfully my apartment and health insurance remain secure. But when you lose -- when you once earned a keep and then you stop, your personal worth suffers a far greater loss than can be counted in dollars. The loss is impossible to capture.

I will try to remember that the bombing always will have happened but it will not forever define me. It will not always define my marriage. It will not define my relationships or my injured friends. I do not know when I'll feel that shift, and the long-term impact of not knowing even that is overwhelming, so I'm going to list for you what I know.

I know I can no longer work in business development, an environment flurried with complex, simultaneous conversation an environment where I once thrived. I know I will have to find a means of professional development, of financial security that accommodates for my hearing deficits, my need for flexibility and for personal connection. I know I will suffer from PTSD forever, but hopefully not to this degree. I know my marriage will always carry the burden of this event, our

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foundation was cracked, and we'll work forever to make it whole. I know I will never be who I once was, and although we all change and grow, rarely are we forced to change instantaneously. I know I will always miss that 2013 Boston Marathon runner girl because she was one of the good ones.

I know I will live a life of deep gratitude. I promised myself immediately after the bombing that I would not let an opportunity to say thank you pass me by. This is a gift borne out of tragic circumstances, but long term I believe it will free my spirit and allow me to appreciate people in a way I never would have been capable of before the bombing. I know one day I'll be a better mother and my husband will be a better father because we will show our children all that is good in the world and all that there is to be thankful for.

I try to think of a way for someone who didn't experience this to understand what this is like. And, Judge, I want you to imagine that you had a dandelion, one that made it to the phase of a perfect, white-lace, fuzzy sphere made of a million individual seeds. Imagine you stood with the wind at your back and you blew. You'd watch the seeds fly high and far. Some would land, some would hide, some would endlessly float away. It happened in an instant: A beautiful sphere, a very explosive disbursement. You'd never be able to find all the pieces. It's an impossible task. With this question, you've asked me to find those pieces and remake a sphere.

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You've asked 260-plus survivors to find those pieces and to make their spheres. I beg my words offer mild justice to our collective plight, and I am grateful that you've taken the time to so thoughtfully listen.

Judge O'Toole, I came here for the first two days of the trial. I came with those girls, for my friends. I watched the defendant. He sat there blank, never looking at any of us. And after that day, I realized I'm the one who's alive, and the defendant, he's already dead. Today I'll go home to my husband, to my comfortable bed. I'll eat pizza, I'll go to yoga. And the defendant, your Honor, he'll go back to a cell from now until forever. He's the one who's dead and I'm the one who's alive. Thank you.

MS. PELLEGRINI: Johanna Hantel.

MS. HANTEL: Good morning, your Honor. My name is Johanna Hantel, H-A-N-T-E-L. I would like to thank the Court for giving me this opportunity.

I'm a runner. I was running the Boston Marathon on April 15th, 2013. If not the only, I was one of the very few runners who had qualified with a time for the marathon who were injured. I was about ten feet from the first bomb that exploded. The physical injuries I sustained included broken and dislocated fingers, a ruptured eardrum, hearing loss, dental bite and jaw misalignment, shrapnel wounds and a traumatic brain injury. I continue to suffer from cognitive

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deficiencies, difficulty remembering, concentrating, making decisions, slowed thinking, speaking. My brain sometimes does not let my mouth speak the words that I'm trying to say. I'm easily confused. I feel tired all the time and lack energy. I am anxious, have mood changes, crazy sleep patterns, and simple things are now overwhelming. I have a constant headache, dizziness, loss of balance, blurred vision, ringing in the ears, increased sensitivity to lights, sounds and distractions. I'm easily startled and jump at everything.

2013 was my 13th Boston. I love the Boston Marathon. Following the race each year, I cannot wait until the next year to return to Boston. I belong to the old school of the Boston Marathon, when the only way to get in was to qualify with a fast time. Boston was the race all distance runners aspire to run. The day I qualified was one of my proudest moments, and I decided then that I would run each year that I continued to qualify. If I did not qualify, I would not run. Because of this horrific act committed, I can no longer qualify.

As a distance runner, I am tough both mentally and physically. I have a very high pain tolerance. I just naively thought -- assumed my injuries would heal and everything would return to normal. But this has been a nightmare. As far as my physical injuries are concerned, I am coming to terms with my new normal; however, as a participant of the marathon, what continues to haunt me is that this heinous attack seemed to be

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directed at the spectators. The most severely injured victims of this tragedy were those there to watch us, the runners. I feel if we had not been running, this dreadful crime would not have occurred. I blame myself. I think that somehow as a participant this was my fault, and I cannot shake this guilt.

This trial, conviction and sentencing have not been healing for me. They have brought everything back up that I've tried -- been trying for two years to put past me. This conviction and sentencing have not brought closure for me. I do not believe in closure. They will not bring back Martin, Lindsay, Krystle or Sean. They will not return those of us affected to our previous lives. I will say that I have come to peace with Mr. Tsarnaev, and amidst the tragedy of this horrific act, I have seen and felt overwhelming goodness and kindness. And if I have to crawl, I am going to continue to run Boston each year even if I cannot qualify because I will not let this sickening act take that away from me. And there will be four angels waiting along Boylston Street for me to finish.

I'm sorry for you, Mr. Tsarnaev. I hope you're able to do something good during your life. Good will always conquer evil. Isn't that the fundamental core of all religions?

I want to say thank you to the Court, the U.S.

Attorney's Office and the jury. God bless all those affected

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by the events of April 15th, 2013, and God bless the City of
     1
         Boston and the United States of America. I have been reassured
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         that our legal system works. I'm so very proud to be an
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         American. Thank you.
                  THE COURT: I think at this moment we'll take a
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     6
         ten-minute recess.
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                  THE CLERK: All rise for the Court. Court will take a
         ten-minute recess.
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     9
                   (The Court exits the courtroom and there is a recess
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         at 11:32 a.m.)
    11
                  THE CLERK: All rise for the Court.
                   (The Court enters the courtroom at 11:53 a.m.)
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                  THE CLERK: Be seated.
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                  THE COURT: Everyone ready?
                  MS. PELLEGRINI: Your Honor, Jennifer Joyce-Maybury.
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                  MS. JOYCE-MAYBURY: Hi. I'm Jennifer Joyce-Maybury.
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         Last name is M-A-Y-B-U-R-Y. I'm Jeffrey Bauman's aunt, and
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    18
         this is Erica Joyce, J-O-Y-C-E. This is Jeffrey Bauman's
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         sister-in-law.
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                   I will never forget April 15, 2013, when this horrible
         and unthinkable act happened. I was enjoying the day at the
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         zoo with my six-year-old son when I received a text message
         containing a graphic photo of my nephew Jeffrey, an iconic
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         photo of a shellshocked man being pushed in a wheelchair, panic
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         in the air, a look of sheer horror on his face, and his
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beautiful legs, nothing but raw bone and tattered flesh.

Like most of the country, I cannot erase that image out of my mind. It haunts me to comprehend the barbaric act that my nephew endured. For several agonizing hours, I could not get any information whether Jeffrey was dead or alive. It was the worse hell anyone could imagine. I've had to watch Jeffrey go through countless operations and endless therapy sessions. I had to learn about the pain in therapy and the strength and courage it takes to put on prosthetic legs and find a way to stand. I watch Jeffrey take step after agonizing step with such determination knowing that this was a bitter fight to regain his independence. I was so overwhelmed with what happened to my nephew and the journey to recover he would need to take.

Like a rock thrown into a pond, there are rippling effects that carry. It was not only Jeffrey that was affected by this act, the impact of the bombing has created severe stress and emotional trauma on our whole family. In order for Jeffrey to receive treatment and therapy, he needed many around him to support him. I took off three months of work, unpaid, to help my nephew and my sister Patty, his mom, to travel from Chelmsford into Boston every day for months. That day changed the course of an entire family. For the first time in my life, I was taking anxiety and sleeping pills so I could find release from the nightmares that haunted me.

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The fear and anxiety never leaves you. It bubbles right under the surface waiting, always waiting, looking over your shoulder, feeling uneasy in large gatherings. I am unable to fully talk or express what happened to my nephew Jeffrey; it provokes such pain. I worry every day about Jeffrey who still does not find comfort in his prosthetic legs and wonder will he ever? When will the pain end for him? Why did this have to happen to him? Will he ever be the same? Will our family?

This is a tragedy that you caused my nephew Jeffrey; his friends and his family. We will live with the ripple effects for the rest of our lives.

Thank you for taking the time to hear my thoughts. From a loving aunty of Jeffrey Michael Bauman, Aunty. Thank you.

MR. MELLIN: Jennifer Kauffman.

MS. KAUFFMAN: Your Honor, my name is Jennifer Kauffman, K-A-U-F-F-M-A-N. First, I'd like to thank the jury for your service and I'd like to thank all of the countless men and women who worked tirelessly to bring justice for myself and the rest of the survivors.

The actions of the defendant and his brother have completely altered my life. I've had to endure numerous physical and emotional complications all while trying to rebuild my life, which I know will never be the same. The wonderful memories that began on the morning of April 15, 2013,

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have been overshadowed by the terror that took place in the afternoon.

It was my first time attending the Boston Marathon. I remember being deeply inspired and overjoyed with each and every runner passing by. It was electrifying. I was at the finish line with a close friend of mine waiting for her son to come running down Boylston Street. We were tracking his progress and we knew he was in the final stretch. We were standing along the steel barricade near Marathon Sports, a few feet away from Krystle Campbell and her friend Karen McWatters. Then all of a sudden, without any warning, the first explosion detonated. The loud cheers of joy quickly turned to silence, followed by pandemonium. People were crying and screaming for help. It was absolutely horrifying.

The picture -- words cannot begin to fully describe the tremendous impact this horrific event has had on my life. My physical impact: I suffered an abdominal injury causing bruising and swelling of most of my major organs, which was excruciatingly painful and resulted in my inability to eat normal for months; in fact, I still eat a very restrictive diet today to ensure I minimize the inflammation in my body. I suffered neck and back injuries causing severe headaches, and my inability to walk for many months after the bombings. I also suffered a heart arrhythmia as a result of the force of the explosion. I have suffered damage to my ears;

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specifically, nerve damage to my left ear, along with increased sensitivity and hearing loss. Most of the first 15 months were spent going to doctors, specialists and wellness practitioners multiple times weekly. In fact, it felt like a full-time job. I've been diagnosed with PTSD and am being treated by several mental health doctors and practitioners.

I was an active, athletic person prior to all of this happening; now my physical fitness level is considered below normal for someone of my age and prior activity level. I have not been able to resume any of my normal activities on a regular basis, such as going to the gym, biking, hiking, swimming, golfing, and all the other fun things I once loved to do. There hasn't been one day where I have not experienced some form of pain in my body to varying degrees. Despite all the progress I've made in the past two years, I continue to get fatigued easily.

My emotional impact: Before suffering this unprovoked life-changing terrorist attack, I was a successful business woman. Very active in my community, fit, happy and passionate about life. After the bombings, I have struggled to feel safe and secure outside of my own surroundings and I have not been able to trust people like I once did. I no longer am able to do the social things I once loved: Dining out with family and friends, going to sporting events, traveling the world and more. I have been stressed about money and my ability to make

ends meet.

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In the beginning I experienced recurring nightmares of the bombings as I was reliving it all over again. I was literally afraid to sleep. Although the nightmares have lessened, I still experience nightmares from time to time. In fact, during the court proceedings the nightmares resumed in full force as if the bombings had just happened again. It's very upsetting and discouraging after all the work I've done to get myself well again. I often experience flashbacks from the bombings, unexpected triggers that cause stressful experiences that I've never even experienced before. Sensitivity to sound, light, proximity to other people. I often have feelings of being trapped, stuck, which leads to anxiety and panic attacks.

I have been forced to alter my life and I have become more reclusive in order to protect myself and feel safe. On occasion I will experience random outbursts of rage and anger or profound sadness and crying that occur completely out of the blue. Perception from others that I look fine, therefore, I should be fine; the fact that I did not lose a limb means that some people judge me because on the outside I look normal yet on the inside I'm still dealing with the complications as a result of the injuries I sustained at the bombings and my life will never be the same. Relationships in my life have significantly altered. I have lost friends, some members of my family who simply cannot understand why I am the way I am

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today. I am no longer the person I once was, and I think that scares people.

This has greatly affected every aspect of my life. I am currently unable to work like I used to. I no longer socialize like I used to and I am unable to physically do the things I once loved to do.

My financial impact: For eight years I owned and operated a coaching and consulting business. At the time of these explosions, I had just come off the best year in my business. In addition, I had recently signed a contract with a publishing company to publish my first book. After the bombings, I had to let go of all of my clients and I had to live off of my savings for the next 15 months. I resumed working on a limited basis in July of 2014. To this day, I am unable to work a normal 40-hour workweek.

Conventional medicine was unable to address all of my conditions that were a direct result of the injuries I sustained. I had to pursue holistic treatment, all of which was paid out-of-pocket and continues to be the case today. At this point I have spent in excess of \$50,000 in treatment, and even though I do not require the same level of treatment today as I once did, it is unknown the duration of treatment required to regain a normal live. Since I am unable to work full time, it is impacting my ability to rebuild my savings and retirement. I have literally lost hundreds of thousands of

dollars in lost wages.

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The fact that everything I used to love to do in many instances I can no longer do at this point in my recovery. My life has been completely changed. I had plans of buying my first home in 2013 but I had to use all my savings for my medical treatment.

Despite the tremendous impact this event has had on my life, I forgive you and your brother for the harm and the terror that you caused me, my family, my friends, my fellow survivors and victims, and my community. My hope and desire is that some day soon you'll be brave enough to take 100 percent responsibility for your actions and be willing to forgo your right to appeals so we can all move forward in peace.

Thank you.

MS. PELLEGRINI: Annette Emerson.

MS. EMERSON: Your Honor, I'm Annette Emerson, E-M-E-R-S-O-N. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to speak today.

When the bombs exploded in 2015 -- I mean April 15, 2013, terror soared through me like a rocket. I could feel it in my body, my mind and my soul. My instinct was to flee the scene. With my ears buzzing, I ran as fast as I could to get away. The defendant stole my hearing, my sense of security and my way of life. Physically, I suffer a mild traumatic brain injury and hearing loss, and I'm under medical care for all

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that. I often fail to register new information and must reread and be retold information. Before the bombings, I was not easily distracted and could switch back and forth between different tasks. Now when I speak, I often cannot say what I want to say because I have blanked out or I cannot retrieve the words I want to share. This leads to frustration and anxiety.

Emotionally, I suffer posttraumatic stress syndrome. Before the bombings, I was a bubbly, outgoing person, now I am hypervigilant, especially when I'm in a group of people. I used to enjoy fireworks; now they haunt me. My sleep patterns have been disturbed. I am restless at night and have a hard time getting to sleep. I wake very tired and often with a I have to rest during the day because my energy headache. levels are so that I'm forced to -- are so low. I have forced myself to participate in events like the 2014 and 2015 Boston Marathons, but I'm a basket case during these events. I keep on my eyes on other people and think: Will this person hurt me? Am I safe? Will I survive this experience? It saps the joy of the event. I refuse to give up. If I give up, the defendant wins. If I strive to take my life back as best I can, then I win. But why must I be in this position of choosing who wins? I have learned that I must let the anger go and forgive the transgressions so that I can take back my life. The experience did not break me; it has made me stronger.

Financially, I live on a limited income. Because of

the treatment I need to recover, I must pay out-of-pocket for extra expenses. My copayments and other treatments that are not covered by insurance, unfortunately, these aren't reimbursed so I must pay for myself. I live in Maine, several hours from Boston. Because most of my treatment takes place in Boston, I have to bear the physical strain and travel several hours south for treatment as well as the cost of travel. This financial burden causes a great deal of stress and anxiety.

Thank you, your Honor, for letting me speak.

MR. MELLIN: Ed Fucarile.

MR. FUCARILE. Good morning, Judge. My name is Ed Fucarile, F-U-C-A-R-I-L-E. This is my wife Andrea. My son Marc lost his right leg and he's fighting to keep his left.

The first time I saw you in this courtroom, you were smirking at all the victims for your unspeakable, cowardly acts. You don't seem to be smirking today. You angered all of us, but only made all of us affected stronger. You've taken lives and severely damaged bodies, including my son Marc's, but you haven't broken his spirit, his strength. He suffered but brought him to victim's closure and is stronger. Sorry.

As far as I'm concerned as a father, although it is what the law allows, your sentence today should be as severe as possible. In the end, you have failed. As a city and a country, we only became stronger and more prepared.

I also want to thank the jury and the prosecutors for

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1 a job well done. Thank you. 2 MS. FUCARILE: Thank you. MS. PELLEGRINI: Liz Norden. 3 MS. NORDEN: Good morning, Judge. 4 5 MS. PELLEGRINI: Your Honor, may I stand (indicating)? 6 THE COURT: All right. 7 MS. NORDEN: Today, with your Honor's permission, I would like to respectfully read my prepared statement. My name 8 is Liz Norden. I'm the proud mother of sons JP and Paul 02:44 10 Norden, brothers who each lost their right leg after the second 11 explosion and during the Boston Marathon terrorist attack. am extremely grateful and forever appreciative for this 12 13 opportunity to express both my feelings and share a little bit 14 about my family's life and what we've been through since Monday, April 15, 2013. 15 Your Honor, I can confidently say we've been through 16 hell and back and have dealt with challenges no family should 17 be forced to endure. It is of great emphasis when I say that 18 19 only a mother can describe the everlasting agony and any grief 02:45 20 and uncontrollably helplessness when one of their children suffers a traumatic injury causing overwhelming pain, and 21 22 perhaps even more, the unthinkable, loss of life, to see your child, my children, although grown young men, so injured, so 23 24 hurt, so broken, and the mere sight of them brought me to my 25 knees in gut-wrenching and crippling pain. I'm here today

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because I have two sons whose lives were literally destroyed within seconds.

My family and I are no strangers to difficult times and trying circumstances and life challenges that some feel either make you stronger or tear you apart. Today it is my job to tell you what my family has been through going back to directly before the first explosion -- now I can't see -- on Boylston Street; however, before I do that, please allow me to acknowledge the many other survivors, victims and family members who have equally shared in their own suffering, pain that I've come to know and love.

Today is the time we can openly find comfort, closure and comfort that justice is served. Regardless of our individual opinions and personal beliefs concerning the appropriate punishment and how we each feel about the death penalty, the jury has rendered their decision. Although there are no winners on either side, I know this: My family, me personally, our lives have forever changed. We have to continue to work to put this tragic and hateful act behind us so it doesn't actually become a negative emotion that will slowly ruin from within.

From the beginning, my boys decided they were not going to be identified by the marathon. They both told me that they would not let this horrific event define who they'd become, yet they have accepted the disability but will not be

plagued by the new obstacles in their way.

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Next, it's necessary for me to force [sic] on the horrendous acts of the defendant and that of his brother that were both unexcusable and unforgiven. Nothing will ever return our lives back to before the senseless acts. No sentence, no words, no punishment will ever take back what this defendant took when he executed his plan to cause death and destruction against so many innocent people, not from the families who lost loved ones, not from the many injured and not from my two sons.

Your Honor, I have already submitted my original draft for your review and trust it will be part of the record. Please afford me a minute to mention yourself and the other wonderful people who have made this abnormal event both comforting and manageable. I can honestly admit I would need all day to thank the many awesome professional and committed staff. Thank you.

Also, I would be completely remiss if I didn't acknowledge the countless friends and strangers who rushed to help after the explosion. It is often said that very good can usually come from the extreme bad. Well, if there's any silver lining that I could say, it is the unaccountable strangers around the world, many exceptional and compassionate people who extended their love, support and kindness as we endured this nightmare. I am confident that my family would all agree that we are getting through this unbelievable ordeal because of the

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help and thoughtfulness of so many. So, please, from the bottom of my heart, thank you, and we are forever grateful.

Over the last two years, I've spent countless hours thinking and asking why and who could be capable of committing such horrific acts, who could harbor so much anger and have so much hate that they could not only preplan, execute and commit acts of terrorism with such malice intentions and wiliness to cause as much death, destruction and fear, to be so removed from human decency and compassion that they not only place bombs besides innocent women and children, but quite honestly, after two long years, I still haven't come to understand what possible motive, reason or goal these two cowards had in mind when they exploded two homemade bombs packed with nails, screws and ball-bearings and other foreign objects.

Today I sit in this courtroom after spending many painful minutes, hours, days and weeks, months watching my two sons work to overcome, adjust and achieve the things most of us take for granted every day. Before I continue further, let me proudly proclaim, my two sons are doing remarkably well. And for the record, they recognize what was taken from them; yet, in some strange way, they have become stronger and more determined to achieve and make a positive difference.

While I find it difficult and extremely painful to put into words, let me try my best to tell you what my family has been through over the past couple of years. On Monday, April

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15th at approximately 3:10, I experienced what I would clearly describe a mother's worst fear: A telephone call that I will never forget as long as I shall live. I not only heard the pain, I could feel the extreme fear and severe hurt as my second-oldest-son Paul called me from the street. I'll never forget his voice, his uncertainty, his urgency for help, yet all the time telling me he couldn't find his brother or his girlfriend.

After quickly talking with Paul and learning of the events, I heard this unfamiliar voice take the phone. I now know it was an EMT who wanted me to hurry to get to the hospital. It was very bad. The feeling of shock overwhelmed me. It was like time standing still. I can only best describe it as it seemed like an eternity. I was confronted with rushing to my two sons but had no idea where they were or where to go, in fact, if they were still alive.

I have to confess not for a second can I imagine or conceive the chaotic scene immediately following the explosion. After talking with Paul for that brief minute, the urgency, distress, pain and panic all evident, and yet assent in his voice as he remarkably attempted to remain calm, I started to panic but knew I had to keep it together so I could handle the long nights and days that awaited me.

To share some additional facts that were caused by that day: My two sons each lost a right leg. They sustained

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numerous wounds, injuries and burns. Paul's leg was actually severed from his body and was clearly visible when we watched the video of the explosion. He required two immediate surgeries just in order to save his life that evening. He was amputated above the knee and was placed in a medical coma for seven days until his infection cleared. It was difficult for Paul these first few weeks and at times we didn't know what was happening from one hour to the next. He spent the next 32 days in the hospital with family and friends providing emotional support, his younger brother Jonathan, who planned to attend the marathon with his two brothers that day, decided to visit JP at another area hospital.

JP was admitted to a different hospital where his legs were shredded -- where he had his leg shredded in the blast, one so severe the video confirmed that his leg was barely attached by skin and bone. It was dangling from his tattered and burned clothes. These images were clearly visible in the courtroom, images that I now wish I could erase and bury.

It should be noted that I was informed that JP arrived by EMS at the hospital with just about a liter of blood remaining in his broken, almost-lifeless body. He was barely clinging to life and spent the next 46 days in the hospital with family and friends. In addition to the limb loss, both my boys — both of my sons had burns over 50 percent of their bodies, which required skin grafts, surgeries, and various

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other medical procedures. They both incurred permanent hearing loss and require medical -- due to medical care as they move forward.

The bomb and explosion didn't just take their legs, but their bodies were embedded with shrapnel, nails, screws and ball-bearings causing severe and permanent nerve damage. This very day they both carry around foreign objects that may or may not work their way out through the skin. It is sad that my sons are reminded of the defendant's cowardly and gutless acts whenever they feel the pain or the movement of the metal inside their bodies. Over the last two years our lives have been turned upside down and inside out with emotions. My sons have had over 50 surgeries combined. One has lost functionality of his hand due to nerve damage caused by the shrapnel, and the other requires additional surgery to his ever-changing limb.

The bombings have not only changed JP and Paul's lives, it has also changed the lives of my entire family and friends. We will never be the same again. I cannot begin to describe the fear, the pain, the sadness and the emotional distress the bombing has caused us. As a mother, I was beyond devastated. Having two severely injured sons at two different hospitals undergoing many emergency surgeries, often at the exact same time, clearly presented a problem for me. I was being pulled in two different directions, and it would be impossible for me to explain to you today. I had to do what I

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hope and pray that no parent or mother should have to do:
Choose, or better yet, decide where and which time I would
spend my time with.

Only a mother may understand this, and it is difficult for me to say, but the guilt that I live with for not being able to be with each son when they needed me the most still haunts me to this day. I'm very proud of JP and Paul, the courage and strength they have shown my family and I this past two years. They've chosen to move on, adjusting to the new normal and have accepted their life to the better. They have clearly decided to forgive and not permit hurt and anger to enter their world and to live life to the fullest, but they are still human.

They were once trade guys. Roofers. You know, the guys who are supposed to handle everything and solve everything? Well, I know they do not want their family and friends to see them struggle, but I see how the tragic event has affected them and their siblings. I see the pain, and I can't begin to describe in words how they have suffered throughout this nightmare.

We are a very close family, and my granddaughter idolizes JP and Paul. I can tell you the day they were trying to find the right words to explain to her why they lost their legs, and how extremely difficult it was for them. That day I knew our lives had changed forever. There is not a day that

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goes by that a family member does not shed a tear. The simple things in life now becoming a challenge. The thing that most of us take for granted daily, but now at the very least are difficult and clearly heartbreaking for us to witness.

But please let me remind you I'm also very grateful that I have my two sons here today. Not for a minute am I saying me or my family have experienced the worst because that's not true. There are many familiar faces of families here that lost so -- even more, and believe me, my heart breaks for them every day. Although I'm speaking for my family, I want you to know as a mother, we have a common bond that will forever unite us because we truly all lost so much on April 15th.

I worry every single day about them. As soon as they walk out the door, I'm filled with worry. I worry when they're home alone, without their prosthetic on; I worry when it snows out and there's ice on the ground. I worry about every little thing. I struggle with the deepest sadness and I question God every day why. But we find strength in each other in knowing that justice has been served.

Regrettably, my family and I do relive April 15th every single day. Every day the boys wake up and are forced to put on their prosthetic, they're reminded of the explosion.

The heartache never goes away, when they look in the mirror, when they see the scars across the bodies, surely April 15 will

haunt us forever.

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I have sat through most of the trial in hopes of making some sense of how anyone could intentionally blow up innocent human beings and small children. I can't even begin to imagine the pain and suffering my boys and all the other survivors and first responders went through that day on Boylston Street, but now after all the evidence we've heard, after all the tearful testimony from other survivors and some of the victims themselves and the families that weren't lucky enough to have all of their loved ones here today, after watching the video footage will forever be a part of my memory, it was truly -- it was and is truly upsetting and distressing to see the wreckage, carnage, damage and death to know my two sons and many others were lying on a cold, hard, concrete ground, blood draining from their bodies. There are no words to describe the anguish being felt that day. I can only hope that pain lessens as time subsides.

Thank you.

MS. PELLEGRINI: Heather Abbott.

My name is Heather Abbott, A-B-B-O-T-T. Your Honor, first I would like to thank you and our government for the thorough work and thoughtful detail used in presiding over and presenting this case. I would also like to express my sincere and heartfelt thanks to the members of the jury. I hope you know how much you're appreciated for the close attention you

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paid to the testimony and to the evidence presented and for the sacrifices you made in order to be on this extremely important jury.

Admittedly, I don't envy the position you were in, being charged with determining whether or not another human being is put to death. I have no doubt that it was among the most, if not the most, difficult decision you've ever had to make. It's hard to believe that another human being, along with his brother, could have made that very same decision for four innocent young lives, with the hopes of taking even more.

I didn't hear much about what happened to the defendant, whether he died in prison or died by lethal injection. What he did can't be changed, but he will never have the opportunity to harm anyone else. That's what's important to me. I care about what lies ahead for me and for the others who live with missing family members and injuries with missing limbs.

Because of the defendant's actions, our lives are severely altered for reasons I just can't understand. By taking away my leg, he has reduced my level of independence, something I've always cherished. Not only has he altered my appearance, but I now live with constant nerve pain, sleepless nights, uncertainty about the current and future medical problems related to my limb loss that I face, and the likelihood it will cause me to be in a wheelchair as I grow

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older. He has caused me financial burden beyond what I could have ever imagined due to the tremendous cost of the prosthetic legs I now use and the lack of health insurance that exists to cover their cost. I require five different prosthetic legs to even come close to regaining the life I used to have, each of which costs between 15,000 and \$70,000 each, and need to be replaced every three to five years for wear and tear.

Rather than spend my days at my former full-time job, I now spend much of them in doctors' offices being examined, x-rayed and fitted for legs. I will forever carry the label the woman who lost her leg in the Boston Marathon bombing in this little seaside city where I live, Newport, Rhode Island. I will never hop out of bed in the morning again. I won't go on a spontaneous run in my neighborhood as I used to do. I won't feel the sand between ten toes at the beach that I used to love. I will have to consider distances, obstacles, surfaces, weather conditions and pain levels any time I walk, all things I used to take for granted. I often feel I've aged 40 years in these past two due to all the assisted medical equipment I now require.

I could go on and on about the detriment the defendant has caused to my life and the devastation he's caused to my family, but I would imagine that would make what he's done all worth it to him. I wondered as I heard each one of us tell our stories of pain and agony on the witness stand whether he

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considered them success stories. That's exactly what he wanted: to kill and hurt innocent people; to leave his mark on America. He succeeded. However, there are residual effects to his terror that no one could have anticipated, effects that will cause his mark to diminish over time.

Shortly after he killed three and maimed dozens, he tweeted, "Ain't no love in the heart of the city." He couldn't have been more wrong. His dark, dismal existence wouldn't allow him to see the love in the city of Boston: The heroes who saved people's lives that day; the family and friends who came together to support those who were hurt; the strength and resilience of those whose lives he changed forever, and the unbreakable bond that has been formed amongst us. He didn't anticipate the outpouring of love and support for Americans from all over the world. This support had no race, gender or religion. His focus on hate blinded him to the love that is present here in America and the compassion and fellowship that exists among human beings everywhere.

Dzhokhar Tsarnaev has also taken away his own freedoms, rights that he enjoyed and took every advantage of prior to his decision to become a murderer and a terrorist. Although he may not have remorse for what he did to us, may he at the very least think about what he robbed himself of in his young life and those who care about him while he's sitting on death row.

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I may be an amputee now but I still have my life, unlike four of his other victims, and I intend to live it to the fullest. I would like Dzhokhar Tsarnaev to know that he did not break me; that the memory of those he killed will be kept alive by those who survived his terror, and it is I and the other survivors who will be remembered for our resilience while his memory fades. Boston Strong and the American spirit lives on. Thank you.

MR. MELLIN: Rebekah Gregory.

MS. GREGORY: Good afternoon, your Honor. First of all, I want start by thanking each and every member of the jury. I can't imagine what you all have had to go through and to put your lives on hold for the past couple of months and see everything that you have. And I personally want to give you a hug after all of this is over. And I want to thank the prosecution and the U.S. Attorney's Office for how many hours that you've all put into this for us and how hard you've worked to give us a voice.

I was asked to give a victim impact statement today, but in order to do that, I'd have to be someone's victim, and I'm definitely not yours or your brother's. For months now everyone has watched you basically gawk at the horrific footage of the devastation that you caused with little to no remorse. You even saw an up-close video of my own legs completely blown apart. And I have to ask: Did that make you feel good? I can

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only hope it felt as good as the numerous surgeries everyone has had to have as a result.

Each day you've spent the majority of your time in this courtroom fiddling with your pencil and cracking jokes with your attorney while innocent people have had to come in and rehash the most heart-wrenching details of everything that was taken from them. I even witnessed your refusal to stand up and acknowledge the jury on the second day of the trial.

Yeah, you remember that aggressive nudge from Miriam? I saw it. As a matter of fact, it was very much like the one your backpack gave me the day of the bombing. And, of course, if this were normal circumstances, I would simply ask if this was how your mom raised you. But that would be a whole different issue, now, wouldn't it?

And I get the general idea of how these things are supposed to flow, but it's hard for me to wrap my head around spending my time talking about what you're already aware of.

While it's absolutely important to explain the severe role PTSD plays in both mine and my child live's now, as well as long-term headaches of being an amputee, what's more crucial to me is that before you die, you are shown the bigger picture of what your act of hate has truly done.

So in case it slipped your mind, I'm Rebekah, and since I was standing a couple of feet away from the first bomb, your brother is actually the one who blew me up. But since

he's not here, you get to be the one I give my dose of reality to, so listen closely. Terrorists like you do two things in this world: One, they create mass destruction; but the second is quite interesting, because do you know what mass destruction really does? It brings people together. Over the last two years, myself, along with the other survivors, have seen the hearts and souls of millions across the world, an outpouring of love that stretches hundreds of thousands of miles for one act of hate that stretched a couple of hundred feet.

And while you seem proud to be responsible for blowing up Marathon Monday, the legacies of Martin Richard, Lingzi Lu, Krystle Campbell and Sean Collier blow up the entire nation every day. Let that sink in for a minute. Because when people look back on April 15th, 2013, they won't remember your name or your brother's. Instead, what they will think about is the courage and bravery everyone has shown and the amazing feats those affected have gone on to do.

Do you know how many foundations have been set up to give back and help others? How many people have made full-time careers of traveling the world speaking out against evil? That is why it's so funny to me that you smirk and flip off the camera. Because truthfully, I feel like that's what we're doing to you every day we continue to succeed, fake limbs or not.

And in preparing this, I asked my seven-year-old, who

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was also there with me that day, if he could say one thing to you, what it would be. And his reply was better than I could have ever imagined. "You made us stronger." So by all means smile, gawk, make your jokes and hate Americans. But when you're sitting in your prison cell, I want you to remember this one promise from me: I, Rebekah Gregory, vow with the rest of my life to use the platform I've been given to do my part in changing the world for the better in honor of the people that weren't so lucky that day.

I will come up with new ways to shine my light brighter than the day before and continue to stress the importance of truly enjoying every minute we are given no matter the circumstances. When I look down at my leg, I will not allow myself to become angry; instead, I will count it as a blessing that I can try to encourage others through the hand that I've been dealt. And during those frequent nights I wake up screaming due to nightmares, I still will not hold any resentment, I will only let it give me further drive to push forward no matter how many times life blows up in my face.

So despite what you think you've done, reality clearly states that you and your brother have lost. While your intention was to destroy America, what you have really accomplished is actually quite the opposite. You've unified us. And though we have a long way to go, because of such a horrific act, there are that many more people ready to do the

dirty work of getting rid of evil once and for all.

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At 21 years old, I can't believe that you didn't think twice about wasting such a precious life, and I'm sad that you won't be here to see what happens next. We are Boston Strong, we are America strong, and choosing to mess with us was a terrible idea.

So how's that for your victim impact statement?

MS. PELLEGRINI: Your Honor, that completes the presentation of the victim impact statements.

THE COURT: All right. I have previously addressed the Guidelines calculation and the recommendation with respect to imprisonment sentence. There are other potential elements of the sentence. If the government wishes to address any of those at this time?

 $$\operatorname{MR.}$$  WEINREB: Your Honor, separately from allocuting about the sentence in general or should we --

THE COURT: Both.

MR. WEINREB: Is this microphone okay or should we -THE COURT: You can stand there if you want.

MR. WEINREB: Thank you. Your Honor, the defendant helped plan and carry out one of the most horrific terrorist attacks ever on American soil. He murdered two young women, a little boy and a police officer. He permanently maimed 17 men, women and children who will have to live without one or both legs for the rest of their lives, and he injured hundreds more.

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He burned some and blinded others. He filled victims with pieces of shrapnel that will in some cases remain in their bodies forever. He caused dozens, if not hundreds, to suffer pain, hearing loss, insomnia, nightmares, anxiety and depression. The defendant did all of this not because of mental illness or childhood trauma or social disadvantage, but as a means to an end. His actions were politically motivated. His goal was to glorify violent extremism and to weaken America by terrifying and demoralizing the American population.

But in that regard, the defendant's actions were a total failure. The only thing he showed the world is that violent extremism is morally bankrupt. It accomplishes nothing but pointless suffering. Far from demoralizing Americans, the defendant's savage attack on women, children and other innocents brought out the best in American people. The victims and survivors have reacted to their loss with strength and dignity. Family members and friends, first responders, hospital workers and devoted caretakers have all shown boundless compassion and generosity. People from all over the nation and the world have contributed money, time, kindness and love. Even so, the harm the defendant caused to the victims cannot be undone. The families of the dead and wounded will suffer for their entire lives. Their pain, their grief, their loss can never be erased. They can never be made whole.

Despite the barbaric nature of the defendant's crimes,

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his treatment has been civilized and humane. He received a public trial before a fair and impartial jury. He was assisted by lawyers of his choice and a team of assistants who summoned witnesses to testify for him from all over the world. But nothing that was said by them could distract from the enormity of his crimes. The trial of this case was a quintessential example of American justice, and so was the jury's verdict.

And so the government now asks that the Court give effect to that verdict by sentencing the defendant to death on Counts 4, 5, 9, 10, 14 and 15, and to life imprisonment without the possibility of release on Counts 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 12, 13, 16, 17, and 18. By law, Counts 3, 8, 13, 16, 17 and 18 must run consecutively with each other and with any other sentence.

The government further requests that the defendant be sentenced to seven years imprisonment on Count 20, to 25 years imprisonment on Count 2, and to life imprisonment on Counts 24, 26, 28 and 30, all to run consecutively to each other and to any other sentence.

The government requests that the defendant be sentenced to 25 years imprisonment on Count 19, the carjacking count; to 20 years imprisonment on Count 21, the robbery count; to life imprisonment on Count 11, which charges conspiracy to maliciously destroy property; and to life imprisonment on Counts 23, 25, 27 and 29, which charge use of a weapon of mass destruction in Watertown.

On each count on which the defendant is not sentenced to death, the government requests that the defendant be sentenced to the maximum authorized term of supervised release. Pursuant to Title 18, United States Code, Section 981(a)(1)(G), and 28, United States Code, Section 2461(c), the government requests that the Court grant the government's forfeiture motion, pronounce it orally as part of the sentence, include it in the judgment and commitment order, and enter the government's proposed preliminary order of forfeiture.

Pursuant to Title 18, United States Code, Section 3013, the government requests that the Court sentence the defendant to pay a \$100 mandatory special assessment on each of the 30 counts of conviction.

Finally, pursuant to Title 18, United States Code, Section 3663A(a)(1), and 18, United States Code, Section 3664(d)(5), the government requests that the Court order the defendant to pay restitution to the victims of his crimes in amounts to be determined within 90 days of the judgment.

Thank you.

THE COURT: All right.

MS. CLARKE: Your Honor, we have some legal requirements to talk to the Court about and an allocution to make, and I wonder if the Court would give a break or perhaps take the lunch break at this point.

THE COURT: I think we might take the lunch break at

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         this point. Why don't we return at 1:30.
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                  THE CLERK: All rise for the Court.
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                   (The Court exits the courtroom at 12:43 p.m.)
                  THE CLERK: Court will be in recess.
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                   (There is a recess in the proceedings at 12:43 p.m.)
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                  THE CLERK: All rise for the Court.
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                   (The Court enters the courtroom at 1:37 p.m.)
                  THE CLERK: For a continuation of the Tsarnaev
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         sentence. Be seated.
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                  THE COURT: Ms. Clarke?
                  MS. CLARKE: Thank you, your Honor. Before
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         we -- Mr. Tsarnaev addresses the Court, I wanted to address the
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         Court with regard to a few matters. There have been comments
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         over time with regard to Mr. Tsarnaev lacking remorse and
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         lacking an apology and for being sorry for his actions. And I
         think it's incumbent upon us to let the Court know that
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         Mr. Tsarnaev offered to resolve this case without a trial as
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         far back as October of 2013, and in January of 2014 provided a
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         letter of apology. But he will also speak today and address
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         those issues as well. It is the government's right to have
         refused the offer of settlement and the letter, but we're here
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         with legal issues to address.
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                  Mr. Weinreb asked that the Court enter a restitution
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         order today. I would note that the presentence report
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         indicated that the government would be providing a date by
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which it would submit information with regard to restitution. As a result, we filed nothing in that regard, anticipating litigation would be later. We do need to note to the Court that we that will be objecting to the entry of an order of restitution on the grounds of Apprendi. I know that that's speaking Greek, but the Court understands the language. It is a live and debatable issue, and we think that the Court should not impose the order of restitution.

The same goes for forfeiture. Your Honor, the government filed a forfeiture motion on the 19th of June. It was our understanding that we had two weeks to respond to that, that it would not be entered before we could respond. The same Apprendi argument will apply to the forfeiture order, and we ask that the Court defer until we can raise that appropriately before the Court.

It is my understanding that the recommendation of the government, although I didn't hear it -- but the recommendation of the government and probation, I believe, is that there be no fine imposed because of the lack of ability to pay. We do understand that the Court would be imposing special assessments on each of the 30 counts in the amount of \$100 each, for a \$3,000 total. We have discussed with the government how that -- how the judgment should read in terms of the responsibility to pay it. As we all know, Mr. Tsarnaev will be serving -- facing executions, awaiting for the execution of his

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death sentences and will not be having, you know, income.

We would ask that the Court -- we have some language for the Court to include in the judgment. If the Court wants me to say it orally or simply provide it to the Court afterwards, it regards how it -- how the assessment is collected from wages. The language would be "shall be collected from prison wages if any are earned and not from funds deposited in the commissary account." If there is some concern about overages in the commissary account which we do not ever envision but the government has hypothesized about, we would ask that the Court allow there to be a minimum below which the commissary account could not be taken. As the Court knows, that is for some very basic necessities.

THE COURT: Let me just say to that point, I'm inclined to the latter; that is, that there be some fuller, below which assessments cannot be drawn. I don't know whether the Bureau of Prisons has any regular practice with respect to such matters and whether there might already be a regulation that provided that.

MR. WEINREB: I believe there is, your Honor. I believe that the Bureau of Prisons normally takes the position that the first \$75 -- basically \$75 per month of a defendant's commissary monies are exempt from the payment towards any fines or special assessments, restitution and so on, and that that is pretty standard for --

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                  THE COURT: Well, accepting your representation
         without researching it, I think that's adequate and we can rest
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         on that, just as to that point.
                  MS. CLARKE: And I could -- well, we think there
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         should be a slightly higher threshold, but I could also provide
         the Court with a judgment where language was used and that has
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         been complied with.
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                  THE COURT: Well, no, I think we've resolved that. I
         think that -- it's amendable. If it turns out to be an issue
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         of some kind --
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                  MS. CLARKE: A clear error.
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                  THE COURT: -- we can readdress it.
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                  MS. CLARKE: The other issue I believe was addressed
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         in the objections in the presentence report, and that is the
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         applicability of supervised release to any sentences other than
         those that are a term of years. In this case, the term of
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         supervised release is, you know --
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                  THE COURT: I'm not going to impose supervised release
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         in this case. It's unnecessary as a practical matter in light
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         of the other structural sentence I will announce.
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                  MS. CLARKE: Thank you, your Honor.
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                  The other area is what the government filed last night
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         and the proposed language for the judgment following Statute
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         3596 and then the C.F.R.s. The government filed proposed
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         language and then amended it with a revised proposed, and we
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don't -- we think the Court needs more thought than that and we should respond.

The government has identified Indiana as the state that the Court should identify in the judgment where the execution will take place. I know that the Court is probably aware of Judge Wolf's analysis in Sampson, and it is more of a balancing act than that. That seems to be a bureaucratic desire on the behalf of the government which, frankly, flies in the face of the government's venue arguments in this case. And Judge Wolf in Sampson noted that it's a -- I can just quote the language. "The execution of a human being by the state is perhaps the most solemn and significant act a government can It should not be reduced to an invisible bureaucratic perform. function. There is, therefore, a strong public interest in the execution being as accessible as possible to the people most interested in and impacted in it." And as a result, Judge Wolf identified the state of New Hampshire because Massachusetts does not have a manner of execution.

We do have some language. I think that probably the most -- the safest course of action for the Court is to adopt the judgment language that Judge Wolf used in Sampson, and we have that and can submit it to the Court. It lays out the language that should be included in the judgment with regard to execution.

THE COURT: Do you want to respond to that?

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MR. WEINREB: Your Honor, the defense's proposal, as I understand it, essentially tracks the language of the regulation and adds in this other language based on Judge Wolf's opinion regarding New Hampshire. The regulation is not what controls in this case; it's the statute. I believe it's 18 U.S.C. 3596, is what specifies what the -- how -- MS. CLARKE: I've got it.

MR. WEINREB: -- its implementation in a sentence of death, and it explains the legal requirement.

The statute simply -- the regulation simply directs the government to submit a proposed order. It's not a direction to the Court. And in any event, to the extent that it's not consistent with the statute, the statute controls.

The language that the government proposed in its revised motion which we submitted last night is language that has been worked out over time among various interested parties who actually are involved in the implementation of the sentence, BOP, the U.S. Marshal's Service among them, and is what the government normally recommends in all of these cases. And it is typically, to our understanding, of course, adopted in cases consistent with the statute, and it is a -- it both fulfills the statutory requirements and is a practical set of instructions that the government is familiar with and will facilitate the orderly execution of the sentence.

MS. CLARKE: Well, Judge, I'm not sure that that's

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exactly right. 3596 provides, "If the law of the state does not provide for implementation of a sentence of death, the Court shall" -- the Court, not the government or the Bureau of Prisons -- "shall designate another state, the law of which does provide for the implementation of a sentence of death, and the sentence shall be implemented in the latter state in the manner prescribed by law." So it is a Court determination of which state will implement the sentence of death.

And Judge Wolf went through a balancing determination in *Sampson* and determined, as I read one of the reasons -- part of the reasons was because of the people most affected need to have access to the execution and that it is not just a bureaucratic administrative act but a very solemn, profound act by our government.

THE COURT: Okay. This is not an issue that was raised or briefed. It was not formally presented. I did spend some time thinking about it nonetheless and I think the government's suggestion is an acceptable one. Indiana is the location of the institution, Terre Haute, which is the federal death row, as they say in casual language, and I think that makes an appropriate default position. So I will accept the government's recommendation on that.

MS. CLARKE: Your Honor, I have a couple of ministerial matters that do not affect the imposition of sentence and can be delayed. I think Mr. Tsarnaev is prepared

1 to address the Court. THE COURT: All right, Mr. Tsarnaev. 2 MS. CLARKE: May I move the microphone? 3 THE DEFENDANT: Thank you, your Honor, for giving me 4 5 an opportunity to speak. I would like to begin in the name of 6 Allah, the exalted and glorious, the most gracious, the most 7 merciful, "Allah" among the most beautiful names. Any act that does not begin in the name of God is separate from goodness. 8 9 This is the blessed month of Ramadan, and it is the 04:22 10 month of mercy from Allah to his creation, a month to ask 11 forgiveness of Allah and of his creation, a month to express gratitude to Allah and to his creation. It's the month of 12 13 reconciliation, a month of patience, a month during which 14 hearts change. Indeed, a month of many blessings. 15 The Prophet Muhammad, peace and blessings be upon him, said if you've not thanked the people, you've not thanked God. 16 So I would like to first thank my attorneys, those who sit at 17 this table, the table behind me, and many more behind the 18 19 scenes. They have done much good for me, for my family. They 04:23 20 made my life the last two years very easy. I cherish their company. They're lovely companions. I thank you. 21 22 I would like to thank those who took time out of their 23 daily lives to come and testify on my behalf despite the 24 pressure. I'd like to thank the jury for their service, and 25 the Court.

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The Prophet Muhammad, peace and blessings be upon him, said that if you do not -- if you are not merciful to Allah's creation, Allah will not be merciful to you, so I'd like to now apologize to the victims, to the survivors.

Immediately after the bombing, which I am guilty of -if there's any lingering doubt about that, let there be no
more. I did do it along with my brother -- I learned of some
of the victims. I learned their names, their faces, their age.
And throughout this trial more of those victims were given
names, more of those victims had faces, and they had burdened
souls.

Now, all those who got up on that witness stand and that podium related to us -- to me -- I was listening -- the suffering that was and the hardship that still is, with strength and with patience and with dignity. Now, Allah says in the Qur'an that no soul is burdened with more than it can bear, and you told us just how unbearable it was, how horrendous it was, this thing I put you through. And I know that you kept that much. I know that there isn't enough time in the day for you to have related to us everything. I also wish that four more people had a chance to get up there, but I took them from you.

Now, I am sorry for the lives that I've taken, for the suffering that I've caused you, for the damage that I've done. Irreparable damage.

Now, I am a Muslim. My religion is Islam. The God I worship, besides whom there is no other God, is Allah. And I prayed for Allah to bestow his mercy upon the deceased, those affected in the bombing and their families. Allah says in the Qur'an that with every hardship there is relief. I pray for your relief, for your healing, for your well-being, for your strength.

I ask Allah to have mercy upon me and my brother and my family. I ask Allah to bestow his mercy upon those present here today. And Allah knows best those deserving of his mercy. And I ask Allah to have mercy upon the ummah of Prophet Muhammad, peace and blessings be upon him. Amin. Praise be to Allah, the Lord of the Worlds.

Thank you.

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THE COURT: All right. First, I want to acknowledge the presence of a number of the jurors and alternates who participated in the trial of this case. They are here at my invitation. It is my practice, after a verdict in every criminal trial, to talk informally with the discharged jurors, principally to thank them again personally for their service. It is my habit on such occasions to invite them to return to attend the sentencing hearing, and sometimes they do.

Consistent with that practice, I extended a similar invitation to the jurors in this case to attend. As you can see, many of them accepted and are here. Because so many were

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interested and because we have limited public seating in the courtroom, as a courtesy and as a gesture of respect for their service, I authorized them to sit in the jury box. I do want to emphasize, of course, that they are present now simply as members of the public. They are no longer a jury, but a group of citizens who are here, each in his or her individual capacity. Nonetheless, I take this occasion again to thank the now-former jurors for their exceptional service.

Much of the evidence in this case was hard to hear and see. We made great demands on their time and asked them to insulate themselves from potential extraneous influences in ways that an ordinary person would find difficult or uncomfortable. We asked them to make significant changes to their daily routines and to spend a long time away from work and other pursuits. We also asked them to accept the responsibility to set aside any preconceived ideas, and instead to reason from the evidence presented in this trial to any conclusions and not the other way around.

Above all, we asked them, as they acted to perform their high duty, to be utterly fair and impartial in their deliberations. Their careful verdict satisfies me that they did what they were asked to do. Theirs was not the only possible verdict, but it is certainly a rational one on the evidence.

That they performed their duty so well and faithfully

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came as no surprise to me. I've been presiding over jury trials in this state for more than 30 years, and I know how seriously Massachusetts jurors take the responsibilities of jury service. I had no doubt that we could select a jury for this case that would accept and perform their high duty conscientiously and justly. The proof is in the pudding.

This was an extraordinary case. Those of us who sat through it from beginning to end saw and heard things we will never forget, both good and bad. First, we will never forget the victims of these crimes and their individual stories. We appreciate the presentations made here today. It takes a good deal of courage to stand up in this setting and to make such intensely personal statements.

Today's presentations were relatively brief. We had a fuller opportunity to see and hear those victims who testified as witnesses during the trial. Their courage throughout their extended ordeal was exemplary. We were impressed by their dignity. What I'll never forget is how, as the tragic events unfolded, one after another victims, who themselves were grievously wounded, worried about someone else: a spouse, a parent, a child, a friend. Concern for others was everywhere on display that day, even from people who were themselves experiencing the deepest anguish.

We will all remember the heroes. And there were many.

One thing that particularly stands out for me, for example, is

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that when Boston police officers like Lauren Woods and Tommy
Barrett saw people running away from danger, they ran toward
it, not knowing what they would encounter. Days later,
Watertown police officers put their lives on the line in the
shootout on Laurel Street.

But it was not just those who had official duties.

After the explosions, people in the crowd immediately responded to help where they could. How many times did we hear of someone at the scene spontaneously taking off his belt to use it as a makeshift tourniquet for one of the injured, or using a drink to try to douse burning clothing, or simply trying to give comfort to one of the injured? Nor can we forget the bravery of Dun Meng, whose courageous escape was the beginning of the end for the fugitive brothers.

The medical response was similarly heroic, from the EMTs to the nurses and doctors in the medical tents and at the hospitals. I have two particularly vivid memories from the testimony: One was EMS Chief Hooley's description of the red, yellow, green triage process at the medical tent, crucial life-or-death decisions being made instantly because they had to be; the other was Dr. Heather Studley's testimony about how she and her team at Mount Auburn literally revived Dic Donohue after what might have been regarded as clinical death.

Finally, I commend what appears from this vantage point to have been the meticulous professionalism of the law

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enforcement post-crime investigation. I'm sure there were hitches and glitches. There always are. But the painstaking collection and analysis of evidence was extraordinary. If you want a real-life example of looking for a needle in a haystack, how about looking for a knapsack in a landfill?

Those are some of the good things I'll remember. The bad things, however, will be even harder to forget. I turn to those now as I address the defendant. One of Shakespeare's characters observes: "The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones." So it will be for Dzhokhar Tsarnaev.

Whenever your name is mentioned, what will be remembered is the evil you've done. No one will remember that your teachers were fond of you. No one will mention that your friends found you funny and fun to be with. No one will say you were a talented athlete or that you displayed compassion in being a Best Buddy or that you showed more respect to your women friends than your male peers did. What will be remembered is that you murdered and maimed innocent people and that you did it willfully and intentionally. You did it on purpose.

You tried to justify it to yourself by redefining what it is to be an innocent person so that you could convince yourself that Martin Richard was not innocent, that Lingzi Lu was not innocent, and the same for Krystle Campbell and Sean

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Collier and, therefore, they could be, should be killed. It was a monstrous self-deception. To accomplish it, you had to redefine yourself as well. You had to forget your own humanity, the common humanity that you shared with your brother Martin and your sister Lingzi.

It appears that you and your brother both did so under the influence of the preaching of Anwar al-Awlaki and others like him. It is tragic, for your victims and now for you, that you succumbed to that diabolical siren song. Such men are not leaders but misleaders. They induced you not to a path to glory but to a judgment of condemnation.

In Verdi's opera Otello, the evil Iago tries to justify his malice. "Credo in un Dio crudel," he sings. "I believe in a cruel god." Surely someone who believes that God smiles on and rewards the deliberate killing and maiming of innocents believes in a cruel god. That is not, it cannot be, the god of Islam. Anyone who has been led to believe otherwise has been maliciously and woefully deceived.

Mr. Tsarnaev, if you would stand, please.
(The defendant complies.)

THE COURT: The jury has unanimously condemned you to death for your personal actions in placing the bomb that killed Martin Richard and Lingzi Lu, thus distinguishing your culpability for those acts from your culpability for other criminal acts. That is a reasoned moral judgment. It is my

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duty to impose the sentence that the jury has designated with respect to the capital counts. It is my duty to determine the sentences to be imposed on the non-capital counts in accordance with the relevant statutes and after consideration of relevant sentencing factors, including Guidelines recommendation, and as I have indicated, I accept and apply the Guidelines recommendation generally as to those counts.

So accordingly, as to Counts 4, 5, 9, 10, 14 and 15, I sentence you to the penalty of death by execution. As to Counts 1, 2, 6, 7 and 12, I sentence you to life imprisonment without the possibility of release, the sentences on these enumerated counts to be served concurrently with each other.

As to Counts 11, 23, 25, 27 and 29, I sentence you to life imprisonment, sentences on these five counts to be served concurrently with each other but consecutively to the terms of imprisonment imposed on Counts 1, 2, 6, 7 and 12.

As to Count 19, I sentence you to imprisonment for a term of 25 years. As to Count 21, I sentence you to a term of imprisonment for 20 years. These are the maximum terms authorized for these offenses. Sentences on these two counts are to be served concurrently with each other but consecutively to the terms of imprisonment imposed as to Counts 11, 23, 25, 27 and 29.

As to Count 3, I sentence you to life imprisonment without the possibility of release to be served consecutively

to all prior terms of imprisonment.

As to Count 8, I sentence you to life imprisonment without the possibility of release, to be served consecutively to all prior terms of imprisonment.

As to Count 13, I sentence you to life imprisonment without the possibility of release, to be served consecutively to all prior terms of imprisonment.

As to Count 16, I sentence you to life imprisonment without the possibility of release, to be served consecutively to all prior terms of imprisonment.

As to Count 17, I sentence you to life imprisonment without the possibility of release, to be served consecutively to all prior terms of imprisonment.

As to Count 18, I sentence you to life imprisonment without the possibility of release, to be served consecutively to all prior terms of imprisonment.

As to Counts 20 and 22, I sentence you to terms of seven years and 25 years respectively. As to Counts 24, 26, 27 and 30, I sentence you to life imprisonment. These sentences are to be served consecutively to each other and consecutively to all prior terms of imprisonment.

No monetary fines are imposed. No term of supervised release is imposed as unnecessary as a practical matter in light of the numerous consecutive life sentences.

Restitution will be ordered as mandated by 18 United

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States Code Section 3663A(a)(1). The amount of restitution shall be determined not later than September 22, 2015, which is 90 days from today.

The government's motion for a preliminary order of forfeiture is granted and a separate preliminary order of forfeiture will be entered.

There is a mandatory assessment of \$100 on each of the counts of conviction for a total of \$3,000, which is due forthwith, or can be collected pursuant to the Inmate Financial Responsibility Program.

The defendant is committed to the custody of the attorney general until the exhaustion of the procedures for appeal of the judgment of conviction and for review of the sentence. When the sentence of death is to be implemented, the attorney general shall release the defendant to the custody of a United States marshal who shall supervise the implementation of the sentence in the manner prescribed by the law of the State of Indiana.

Is there anything else?

MS. CLARKE: Your Honor, I understand that the Court entered the order of forfeiture and entered the order of restitution, and that was over our objection with regard to Apprendi. Thank you, your Honor.

The Court noted that jurors were present. I thought that the record should reflect because of future proceedings

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that I believe ten of the 12 regular jurors were here before lunch and an 11th came in after lunch, and three of the six alternates have been here all day sitting in the jury box. And we would ask -- I know that the Court has not made a decision about identifying jurors, but we would ask for purposes of the record that the Court identify the juror numbers of the individuals who were present.

THE COURT: I don't think it matters. As I said.

THE COURT: I don't think it matters. As I said, they're not here as jurors. Their numbers don't matter any longer.

MS. CLARKE: I understand that. That would be our request. And we would note that they were invited to sit in the jury box. And not to the say that the Court didn't have the authority to do that, we just think that the record should --

THE COURT: I noted it myself.

MS. CLARKE: The other thing, your Honor, is the Court has set the deadline for the filing of post-trial motions of August the 17th. We will be filing the motions by that day. Under FRAP Rule 4(b), that extends the time for the filing of the notice of appeal 14 days after the ruling on timely filed motions, and we just wanted the Court to know that that would be the notice of appeal deadline for us.

THE COURT: I'm not an appellate practitioner but my understanding is the rule as it stands now requires the notice

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to be filed within 14 days of the entry of judgment but that it
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         does not become effective as a notice of appeal until the
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         post-trial motions have been resolved. That's my
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         understanding.
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                  MS. CLARKE: And my understanding is that it is filed
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         14 days after the ruling on a timely filed motion, but we'll
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         certainly heed the Court's comments enough --
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                  THE COURT: You would be advised to file within 14
         days of the date of entry of judgment.
                  MS. CLARKE: Thank you, your Honor.
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                  THE COURT: I actually now formally advise the
         defendant that you have the right to appeal both the conviction
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         and the sentence. If you do wish to appeal, you must file a
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         notice of appeal in accordance with the rules of appellate
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         procedure and that must be done within 14 days of the entry of
         judgment. As I say, it will become effective in light of the
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         post-trial motions and the extension of time we've given once
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         those post-trial motions have been resolved.
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                   If that's all, then we ask the marshal to take the
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         defendant into custody pursuant to the judgment of the Court.
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                  COURT SECURITY OFFICER: Everyone remain seated,
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         please.
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                   (The defendant is escorted from the courtroom.)
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                  THE COURT: These proceedings are concluded. We will
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         be in recess.
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THE CLERK: All rise for the Court. The Court will be
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     in recess.
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               (The Court exits the courtroom and the proceedings
     adjourned at 2:13 p.m.)
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CERTIFICATE I, Marcia G. Patrisso, RMR, CRR, Official Reporter of the United States District Court, do hereby certify that the foregoing transcript constitutes, to the best of my skill and ability, a true and accurate transcription of my stenotype notes taken in the matter of Criminal Action No. 13-10200-GAO, United States of America v. Dzhokhar A. Tsarnaev. /s/ Marcia G. Patrisso MARCIA G. PATRISSO, RMR, CRR Official Court Reporter Date: 2/9/16